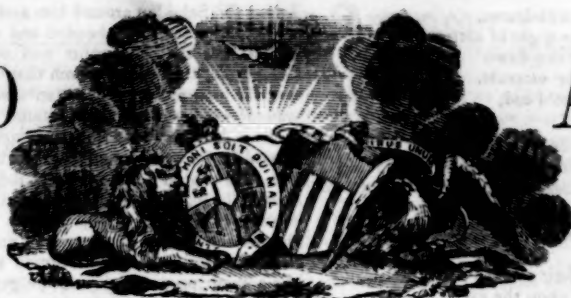


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## THE DYING WIFE.

By T. DENHAM, THE SHOEMAKER.

"Oh! draw the curtain o'er a bit,  
And let me see the mune,  
Wi' the winkin' starry lampies  
A' dancin' clear abune.  
The sun's awa' in robe o' fire,  
A' gloriously and bricht,  
But it sent a beam to kiss me  
Before it bade guid night.  
Its bonnie rays gaed ling'ringly,  
I watched ilk partin' smile;  
For I kent we'd ne'er meet again,  
And grat me sair the while.  
Scarce twenty simmers o'er my head,  
My young an' yearnin' heart  
A' glowin' wi' affection's kind—  
Oh! 'tis terrible to part.  
But tak' me in your arms, Jamie—  
Your doatin', deeing wife!  
And lean my head upo' your breast  
As lang's there's ony life.  
Your tears are fa'in' burningly,  
I fin' them on my cheek;  
But calm yoursel', and whisper me—  
We hinna lang to speak.  
O monie, monie trystin' nicht  
I've stolen out in haste,  
A' purity and happiness,  
To meet you on the waste.  
Prood mither since and fonder wife,  
'Tis hard to leave sae sune;  
And fain the young heart wad rebel,  
But God's will maun be dune.  
In decent time ye'll please yer folk,  
And seek some grauder mate;  
But O! wyle aye o' kindness,  
Wha my orphan's wunna hate.  
And tell her that I blessed her  
A wee afore my death,  
And bequeathed my little bairnies  
Wi' a mither's deein' breath.  
And when ye tak' our fav'rite walk  
By the bonnie water-side,  
Ye'll may be hae a tear for me,  
Unnoticed o' your bride.  
And should ye hae some ither young,  
O! leave nae ours to pine;  
But when she gies her ain a piece  
Gie you a bit to mine.  
Ye've struggled sair wi' poverty  
For makin' me your ain;  
But your braw frien' 'll come roon' ye  
When the sair despised is gane.  
And noo I feel death's creepin' cauld—  
O! lift them on the bed,  
Till I bless my little darlings  
Ere battlin' life has sped.  
I've maybe been owre prood o' them,  
Owre careless o' my God!  
But there's mercy for a mither's love  
In Heaven's chast'nin' rod.  
Noo, Jamie, ca' me ance again  
Your ain, your dearest wife;  
And haud me close and kiss me, love,  
The fareweel kiss o' life.  
Dark, dark and cauld, I hear ye nae—  
O stay, my husband, stay!  
Your hand—O yes! I feel—alas!  
'Tis me that's gaun away."

## LEGENDS OF THE ISLES AND OTHER POEMS.

By Charles Mackay, Author of "The Salamandrine," "The Hope of the World," &c. &c. &c. William Blackwood and Sons 1845.

There is poetry in this book;—it bears the impress of a man of mind and a man of feeling. There is in it much of vagueness of thought, looseness of versification, and of indistinctness of expression; but the true spirit of poetry breathes through the whole, and that precious gift compensates for the want of artistical skill which the author, sporting with his power, occasionally displays.

The "Sea King's Burial," which begins the "Legends of the Isles," is a stirring piece of poetry. It opens thus: the lines limp here and there, and the reader must take a little pains to preserve the rhythm by the proper emphasis; but the conception is good:

"My strength is failing fast,"  
Said the Sea-king to his men;—  
"I shall never sail the seas  
Like a conqueror, again.  
But while yet a drop remains  
Of the life-blood in my veins  
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed;—  
Put the crown upon my head;—  
Put my good sword in my hand;  
And so lead me to the strand,  
Where my ship at anchor rides  
Steadily;  
If I cannot end my life  
In the bloody battles strife,  
Let me die as I have lived,  
On the sea."

The ship is on fire, and the sea-king breaks out into the following vivid adjuration:

"Once alone a cry arose,  
Half of anguish, half of pride,  
As he sprang upon his feet  
With the flames on every side.  
'I am coming!' said the King,  
'Where the swords and bucklers ring—  
Where the warrior lives again  
With the souls of mighty men—  
Where the weary find repose,  
And the red wine ever flows;—  
I am coming, great All-father,  
Unto Thee!  
'Unto Odin, unto Thor,  
And the strong true hearts of yore—  
I am coming to Valhalla,  
O'er the sea.'"

The "Wraith of Garry Water" is pretty; but the legend, which is a little worn, does not afford the opportunity for more than some pleasing verses.

Among the "Songs and Poems," we are attracted by the titles of "The Wanderer by the Sea," and "The Cry of the people." With respect the latter poem, we are compelled to say that we think it is by no means so well executed in practice as it is conceived in spirit; but our own sympathies so entirely accord with those of the author on the subject which he treats of, that we willingly overlook the faultiness of the versification and expression in our approbation of its meaning and its moral: we extract the following stanzas, in order that our readers may judge for themselves:

"Our backs are bow'd with the exceeding weight  
Of toil and sorrow; and our pallid faces  
Shrivel before their time. Early and late  
We labour in our old accustomed places,  
Beside our close and melancholy looms,  
Or wither in the coal-seams dark and dreary,  
Or breathe sick vapours in o'ercrowded rooms,  
Or in the healthier fields dig till we are weary,  
And grow old men ere we have reached our prime  
With scarce a wish but death to ask of Time."

As we cannot well disconnect the eighth, ninth, and tenth (the concluding one) stanzas, we extract them entire:

"But these we sigh for all our days in vain,  
And find no remedy where'er we seek it;—  
Some of us, reckless, and grown mad with pain  
And hungry vengeance, have broke loose to wreak it;—  
Have made huge bonfires of horded corn,  
And died despairing. Some to foreign regions,  
Hopeless of this, have sailed away forlorn,  
To find new homes and swear a new allegiance.  
But we that stay'd behind had no relief,  
No added corn, and no diminish'd grief.  
And rich men kindly urge us to endure,  
And they will send us clergymen to bless us;  
And lords who play at cricket with the poor,  
Think they have cur'd all evils that oppress us.  
And then we think endurance is a crime;  
That those who wait for justice never gain it;  
And that the multitudes are most sublime  
When, rising arm'd they combat to obtain it,  
And dabbling in thick gore, as if 'twere dew,  
Seek not alone their rights, but vengeance too.  
But these are evil thoughts; for well we know,  
From the sad history of all times and places,  
That fire, and blood, and social overthrow,  
Lead but to harder grinding of our faces

When all is over : so, from strife withdrawn,  
We wait in patience through the night of sorrow,  
And watch the far-off glimpses of the dawn  
That shall assure us of a brighter morrow.  
And meanwhile, from the overburden'd sod,  
Our cry of anguish rises up to God."

"The Wanderers by the Sea" is, in our opinion, the best of the collection. It is imaginative, philosophical, and thought-exciting. It opens well: it begins with the following most beautiful and poetical lines, which remind us of some of the best of Byron's:

"I saw a crowd of people on the shore  
Of a deep, dark, illimitable sea;  
Pale-fac'd they were, and turn'd their eyes to earth,  
And stoop'd low down, and gaz'd upon the sands;  
And ever and anon they roam'd about,  
Backwards or forwards; and where'er they stopp'd  
It was to gather on the weedy beach  
The dulse and tangles, or the fruitful shells,  
Whose living tenants fasten'd to the rocks  
They pluck'd away, and listlessly devour'd."

We wish we had room for the whole of "The Wanderers by the Sea," but in fairness to the author, we cannot refuse space to the following specimen of his powers:

"Meanwhile the firmament was bright with stars,  
And from the clouds aerial voices came  
In tones of melody, now low, now loud;  
Angelic forms were hovering around  
In robes of white and azure;—heaven itself  
Appear'd to open, and invite the gaze  
Of these poor stooping earth-enamour'd crowds.  
But they ne'er look'd nor heard. Though the deep sea  
Flash'd phosphorescent; though, dim seen afar,  
The white sails and the looming hulls of ships  
Gleam'd through the darkness, and the pregnant air  
Gave birth to visions swath'd in golden fire—  
They look'd not. Though the heavenly voices call'd,  
And told them of the world of life and light,  
Of Beauty, Power, Love, Mystery, and Joy,  
That lay beyond, and might be seen of those,  
However lowly, that would lift their eyes—  
They heeded not, nor heard; but wander'd on,  
Plucking their weeds and gathering their shells.  
And if they heard the murmur of the sea  
That bore them tidings of the Infinite—  
They knew it not; but lay them idly down,  
Thought of the morrow's food, and sank to sleep.  
And when they woke, with their care-deaden'd eyes,  
And pallid faces, and toil-burden'd backs,  
Began once more their customary search  
Upon the bare and melancholy sands;  
As if that search were all the end of life,  
And all things else but nothingness and void."

We think our readers will agree with us that the above extract is as fine a piece of poetry for thought or expression, as any in the English language. We will not be niggards of our praise where praise is clearly due; and we repeat that these lines alone are sufficient to entitle the author to take his place in the first rank of British poets. We will not allow the pieces which he has written feebly or carelessly to derogate from the merit of those which he has written so well.

### THE VEHMIC TRIBUNAL, OR JUDGMENT OF BLOOD.

The terrible Vehm Tribunal, or Judgment of Blood, after called, too, the Westphalian Tribunal, from all initiations being effected in that province, was established for a good object, that of punishing wickedness in men whom the law seldom reached; and it was approved by several imperial rescripts. But, like every other secret association, it could not fail to be abused; and in time it became the instrument, not of public justice, but of private revenge, and of base cupidity. As to the members—

"They had among them a very ancient, secret sign and peculiar greeting, whereby they recognized each other; whence, or perhaps from their knowledge of the laws, they were called the initiated, and in order to make any one knowing or wise implied receiving him among the Schöffen of the superior tribunal; even emperors were subjected to this reception, for in the year 1429 the Emperor Sigismund was solemnly received among the initiated, at the Freistuhl of Dortmund. We may consider these courts of justice in Westphalia at this brilliant moment of their existence, when almost all the princes, nobles, and knights, became Freischöffen, as an absolute and important association, which in all its ramifications spread over the whole of Germany, and which at a time when all the other courts had lost their power, acted as a substitute, and constituted a barrier against the rude and brutal force of crime. A solemn oath held all the members united, and not even in the confessional were they suffered to reveal a secret of the Vehm tribunal; neither were the clergy themselves admitted into it. Originally the non-initiated were not taken at once before the secret tribunal, but before the ancient tribunal of the community or jury court (the *Echte Ding*), but that was formed by the same individuals; the forms only were less severe, and likewise there every one could be present. But if the cited individual did not appear, he was then taken before the closed or secret court, so called because only those initiated could be present, and any non-initiated one venturing to introduce himself was immediately hanged. The term *secret* here therefore implies *closed* court, and does not indicate those terrible mysteries which dared not be exhibited before the light of day. It is equally as fabulous that these tribunals were held at night in woods, caverns, and subterranean vaults, although in later times, when this court had become degenerated, it may have occurred in isolated cases. But the place of meeting was the ancient palace court of the grafs or counts, generally upon a mountain or hill, whence the eye could command a view of the entire country around, under the shade of lime trees, and by the light of the sun. The free graf or count ascended and presided on the seat of justice; before him lay the sword, the symbol of supreme justice, at the same time representing in the form of its handle the cross of Christ, and the next to it the *Wyd* or cord as a sign of right over life and death. The count then opened and closed the court, that is, he

called the Schöffen around him and assigned to them their places. They were obliged to appear bareheaded and without arms or armour. Upon the judges' declaration that the court was opened, peace was commanded for the first, second and third time. From that moment the deepest silence reigned throughout the assembly, no one ventured to argue or converse, for by so doing he transgressed against the solemn decreed peace of the tribunal. The cited person, who was also obliged to appear without arms, stepped forward, accompanied by his two sureties or bail, if he had any. The complaint made against him was stated to him by the judge, and if he swore upon the Cross of the sword, the legal oath of purification, he was free: 'He shall then take a *Kreuzpfennig*, or farthing piece,' says an ancient work on jurisprudence, 'throw it at the feet of the court, turn round and go his way. Whoever attacks or touches him, has then, which all freemen know, broken the king's peace.' Such was the ancient proceeding with the genuine Freischöffen, who enjoyed particular privileges, and who were presumed to have a strict love for truth and honour. In later times that simple straightforward way seems to have become quite changed, for we read in other ancient codes that the plaintiff was entitled to oppose and destroy the validity of the purifying oath of the defendant by three witnesses, which, however, the latter could again oppose with six; if the accuser appeared with fourteen, the defendant could swear himself free with twenty-one, which was the highest testimony. If the defendant acknowledged the crime, or if the plaintiff convicted him by oath and witnesses, the Schöffen then gave judgment. If the criminal received sentence of death he was executed immediately and hanged on the next tree; the minor punishments were exile and fine. But if the defendant did not appear upon the third citation, and could produce no satisfactory cause of absence within a stipulated period, he was considered as having confessed his crime, as one despising justice and peace, and, therefore, having placed himself beyond the pale of either, the sentence of the *Vehm*, which was equivalent to condemnation, was pronounced against him: and thence these courts received the name of *Vehmgericht*. The sentence pronounced by the court was dreadful: 'As now N. has been cited, prosecuted, and adjudged before me, and who, on account of his misdeeds, I summoned before me, and who is so hardened in evil, that he will obey neither honour nor justice, and despises the highest tribunal of the holy empire, I *verfeme*, or denounce him here, by all the royal power and force, as is but just, and as is commanded by the Königsbann, or royal ban. I deprive him, as outcast and expelled, of all the peace, justice, and freedom he has ever enjoyed since he was baptized; and I deprive him, henceforward, of the enjoyment of the four elements, which God made and gave as a consolation to man, and denounce him as without right, without law, without peace, without honour, without security; I declare him condemned and lost, so that any man may act towards him as with any other banished criminal. And he shall henceforward be considered unworthy, and shall enjoy neither law nor justice, nor have either freedom in, or guidance to any castles or cities, excepting consecrated places. And I herewith curse his flesh and his blood; and may his body never receive burial, but may it be borne away by the wind, and may the ravens, and crows, and wild birds of prey consume and destroy him. And I adjudge his neck to the rope, and his body to be devoured by the birds and the beasts of the air, sea, and land; but his soul I commend to our dear Lord God, if He will receive it.' According to some customs, after he had cast forth the rope beyond the walls of the court, the count was obliged to pronounce these words three times, and every time to spit on the earth with the collective Schöffen, as was the usage when any one was actually executed. The name of the condemned criminal was then inserted in the book of blood, and the count then concluded the sentence as follows: 'I command all kings, princes, lords, knights, and squires, all free counts, and all free, true Schöffen, and all those who belong to the holy empire, that they shall help with all their power to fulfil this sentence upon this banished criminal, as is but just to the secret tribunal of the holy empire. And nothing shall cause them to withhold from so doing, neither love nor affection, relationship, friendship, nor any thing whatever in this world.' The banished man was now in the condition of the criminal condemned to death, over whom execution lowered. Whosoever received or even warned him, was also taken before the tribunal of the free count. The assisting members of the court were bound by a terrible oath, and by a heavy sentence of death, to conceal the judgment which had been passed against any one; that is to say, to make it known to nobody but one initiated; and even if the condemned man was brother or father, the member durst not warn him thereof. Besides which, each initiated one to whom the sentence was authentically conveyed, was bound to help to put it into execution. Generally, a letter of outlawry was given to the plaintiff, with the seal of the free count and seven Schöffen, that he might pursue the guilty party; the oath of three Freischöffen sufficed to confirm the sentence. Wherever the *Veriente*, or banished man was found, whether in a house, in the open street, the high road, or in the forest, he was hanged at the next tree or post, if the servants of the secret court could obtain possession of him. As a sign that he was put to death in execution of the holy Vehm, and was not murdered by robbers, they left him all that he bore about him, and stuck a knife in the ground close beside him. Besides this, the Schöffen of this secret court possessed the privilege of hanging without a trial every criminal taken in the fact, if, faithful to the laws of honour, they took nothing from him which they found about him, and left behind the sign of the Vehm. We are astonished when we contemplate this terrific and mighty power of the Schöffen alliance, and can at the same time easily comprehend how the most extraordinary traditions of this *Vehmgericht*, or secret tribunal, based upon their nocturnal assemblies, their mysterious customs, their initiation and course of justice, together with their condemnation and execution of the criminal, have been preserved in the mouths of the people, for even the plain historical descriptions thereof are sufficiently striking. An association of several thousand men spread throughout the whole of Germany, from the highest to the lowest classes (for we find examples of common freemen, mechanics and citizens, being clothed with the dignity of a free count, and that even princes and knights did not disdain to assist as Schöffen under their presidency), such a society whose members recognized each other by secret signs and by a solemn oath were bound to support each other, who adjudged and punished in the name of the emperor and the empire, who reached the criminal even after an elapse of years, and in whatever corner he might seek refuge, and finally who were not subjected to give any account for what they did if only the terrific knife was present as evidence: what power, we repeat, did not this alliance command against the evil-minded, and what a powerful support and guarantee might it not have been for the support and justice of the empire? The prince or knight who easily escaped the judgment of the imperial court, and from behind his fortified walls defied even the emperor himself, trembled when in the silence of the night he heard the voices of the Freischöffen at the gate of his castle, and when the free count summoned him to appear at the ancient malplatz or plain, under the lime tree, or on the bank of a rivulet upon that dreaded soil, the Westphalian



or red ground. And that the power of these free counts was not exaggerated by the mere imagination, excited by terror, nor in reality by any means insignificant, is proved by a hundred undeniable examples, supported by records and testimonies, that numerous princes, counts, knights, and wealthy citizens were seized by these Schoffen of the secret tribunal, and in execution of its sentence, perished by their hands."

This description by Frederick Kohlrausch is the best we have ever seen of the Westphalian tribunal, which the imagination of Scott and the genius of Goethe have immortalized to English readers.

## SKETCHES ON THE SHORES OF THE CASPIAN.

BY W. R. HOLMES.

It is long since we have had any good account of Persia; and this volume setting the condition of that country before our eyes to the present date, is doubly acceptable for that reason. But even if we had been more *au fait* with the subject, the manner in which the youthful author has treated it would have called for our very high approbation. He offers his six months' tour with a degree of modesty only equalled by the extent of information he gives. We have extremely clear views of the actual state of the whole empire; and we have the most distinct pictures of the parts through which Mr. Holmes travelled, and of the customs and manners of the princes, khans, meerzas, and people with whom he mingled in his interesting journey.

Having said so much, any further introduction would be impertinent; and we hasten with much pleasure to let the author speak for himself.

We must quote the outset, for the sake of the better understanding of future extracts.

"On the afternoon of the 4th of November, 1843, we left Tabreez, accompanied by our English friends, who, as is customary in Persia, came a short distance with us before taking leave. The weather was lowering and a little rain fell, which was considered peculiarly lucky by the Persians; for, as it is of such vital importance to agriculture in this dry climate, they have connected with rain a superstitious idea of general good fortune. Our party consisted of Mr. A., her Majesty's consul at Tebrauz, his meerza (scribe,) five servants, and a gholaum, Mohamed Rahim Beg, who had been sent by the prince, Bahman Meerza, as our mehmandar, to procure lodgings and provisions, and to see that we were treated with proper attention. We were all armed; but our servants were so loaded with weapons, that in case of an attack they would have proved more an incumbrance than a protection. Their formidable appearance alone would have sufficed to keep a party of double their number at a respectful distance; and we might reasonably congratulate ourselves on the prospect of travelling unmolested, and arriving safe at our journey's end, provided our followers possessed one tithe of the courage and devotion they boasted while quietly riding through the suburbs of the town. The meerza, however, was essentially a man of peace, and seemed to entertain a profound antipathy to anything warlike; instead of sword and dagger, he carried in his girdle a roll of paper and a calendaun (Persian inkstand,) the peculiar type of the professors of the pen. Our baggage had preceded us to the village of Borringe, about six miles from Tabreez, accompanied and supposed to be defended, in case of need, by four grooms, the cook, and the muleteers."

On goes the cavalcade, and our first halt is at Meezaum; previous to which, a day's march describes the country and travelling accommodations.

"The bushes on the mountain were full of blackbirds and thrushes; and the change from the dreary barren country through which we had passed, where nothing like a bush was visible, was exceedingly refreshing. We continued over these hills on a beautiful smooth turf for about two miles, when we happened to start a hare close to the road-side. Being well mounted, and having a couple of grayhounds with us, we gave chase, when, to our surprise, we found that almost every bush contained a hare; they started out in all directions, and dodging among the brushwood, completely puzzled the dogs, who could not keep the same animal in view for two seconds. After a great deal of hallooing and scampering about to no purpose—every one calling the dogs to the particular hare he had just started, and they attending to no one, but enjoying a little hunting for their own individual amusement—we thought our fire-arms were likely to do more execution, and therefore dismounted; several of our attendants who had guns following the example. I had not proceeded many yards before I put up a hare, which I shot, and the report of my gun raised an immense covey of partridges. Meanwhile a very brisk fire commenced on all sides, and even pistols were discharged at the astonished animals. The scene was very animating; and the servants, hallooing and rushing hither and thither seemed to have gone mad. I found the gholaum in a thicket literally filled with hares, blazing away at them sitting, without the least effect on his part, and with as little apparent fear on theirs. This man was a great sportsman in a small way; and on the road if the report of a gun was heard, it was sure to be Mohamed Rahim Beg shooting at a crow. The Meerza, with his mouth wide open in amazement at the uproar, seemed to think it just possible that an odd shot might come his way; and to add to his comfort, being no sportsman, he was left in charge of about seven horses, which occasionally exhibited symptoms of pugnacity, and nearly pulled his arms off. Unfortunately we had some distance to go, and it was getting late; so, in about a quarter of an hour, we mounted and hastened to the village of Meezaum, where we had determined to put up for the night. The abundance of hares was quite inconceivable, and we likewise raised some immense coveys of partridges; these, however, were very wild. Notwithstanding the abundance of hares, we only bagged four; for the bushes were too close to give us a fair chance, and we were distracted by the numbers: our attendants shot nothing. The day had been cloudy and threatening rain; the evening was cold and foggy, and the sun had long set ere we reached Meezaum. The inhabitants vacated for us a most filthy hut, the best, however, the place afforded; and we endeavoured to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. During the operation of removing the furniture, we were sitting outside, surrounded by the people of the place, staring at us open mouthed. I had ample time to observe their physiognomies, and I think I never before beheld such unparalleled ugliness: some of them were hardly human—one man's forehead being about an inch high, and his chin three or four inches long; there were noses of every shape imaginable, and no one had two eyes looking the same way. Two or three old women were peering over a wall, and their hideous and wrinkled features were perfectly astonishing. This village is about twenty-two miles distant from Ahar: it is mostly in ruins, and appears a miserable place. We passed a sleepless night, but felt thankful that we were not entirely devoured by the vermin with which our room swarmed."

A little further, at Soomaree:

"On an eminence above the village stand the ruins of an old castle which had not been inhabited within the recollection of the natives, who were also

ignorant of its history. The houses here are built as usual of mud; but the foundations appeared to be partly of stone. On arriving, wet and cold, we were shewn into a most wretched hovel: the roof was pierced with holes, and the rain trickled through in every direction, rendering it quite uninhabitable. The people, however, solemnly assured us that all the houses were in the same condition. This was consolatory, inasmuch as we were no worse off than others; but, as it by no means improved our situation, we sent our gholaum to find a more habitable dwelling if possible. In about half an hour he returned with the intelligence that he had at last secured a good house, and thither we removed. Though very small, it was at least water-tight, of which advantage hardly any other house in the village could boast. Here, then, we established ourselves; and having with some difficulty procured wood for a fire, we dried our clothes, and after a comfortable dinner hoped to forget the discomforts of the day in the visions of the night. But no: after all the complicated miseries of wind, water, and cold; after all the fatigues of rocky passes and a long day's journey, we were subjected to a most awful infliction of fleas. We suffered in patience for a long time; but there is a point beyond which no patience will extend; so, lighting candles again, we commenced an attack on the invaders with an ability and enthusiasm only to be acquired by long practice and a thirst for vengeance. But, though thousands fell, thousands still came on with unabated vigour; and my friend declared he could see them charging in heavy squadrons over the carpet. This alarming discovery put an end to the battle: we fairly gave in; and, I need scarcely add, did not close our eyes during the remainder of the night. The first person I saw in the morning, on going out of the house, was our meerza, looking the picture of misery. He shook his head mournfully and exclaimed, 'Ah, Sahib, Sahib! this menzil is very bad; it has many fleas; I have not slept.' I could not forbear a smile at his woe-begone expression of countenance, and felt a kind of selfish consolation that we had not suffered alone. The quantity of vermin, however, must have been very unusual to have caused him any uneasiness. We left Soomaree at a quarter to ten, in a heavy snow-storm, which soon turned to mist and rain; and passing over some low hills, entered the plain of Ardebeel."

At Nemeen we are told:

"This village is about eleven miles distant from Ardebeel; it belongs to Meer Caussim Khan, a Taulish chief, and is the residence of his wife, a princess, sister to Mahomed Rahim Meerza, governor of Karadaugh. She was very polite to us, insisted on making us her guests, and would not allow us to pay for anything, sending us tea on our arrival, and a very good dinner in the evening. We subsequently heard several stories of this lady; and among others that on her marriage she treated her husband with great hauteur, and kept him at a respectful distance for eight days. The first evening she sent for him, and, making him stand near the door, the following conversation ensued: 'You are welcome, Meer Caussim Khan; how is your health? is your brain fat?' 'By the condescension of the Khahzadeh it is fat; how is her health?' 'Good, thank God; you are dismissed.' The second and third evenings were repetitions of the first; on the fourth she requested him to come a little nearer, that she might see what manner of man he was; and, having expressed some slight satisfaction, again dismissed him. The next two days she treated him with still more condescension, and then their wedded life fairly commenced. Persian women think that the longer they refuse to receive their lords, the greater the consideration they are entitled to: and among the higher ranks their freaks are sometimes carried to a most extraordinary length. Nemeen is a very pretty village, situated in a small valley at the foot of the mountains which divide the upper country from the lowlands of Taulish. The houses are in good repair, and neatly built; and a clear stream, the banks of which are planted with willows, poplars, and some fruit-trees, flows past the eastern side. This village contains about two hundred houses, and yields an hundred and fifty toman revenue. There are besides several others in the vicinity belonging to Meer Caussim Khan, from which altogether he obtains about one thousand toman. Our lodgings were in a small apartment of the palace, as it was called, and proved very comfortable, except that, as usual, we were annoyed by vermin. The following morning, after having breakfasted on various dishes sent by our hostess, we mounted our horses and departed, regretting that we had no means of shewing our sense of the kindness with which we had been received, not having expected to be entertained by princesses in small out-of-the-way villages."

Passing through Ghee'aun, we find the following extract very diversified and descriptive:

At Kerghanagh "we turned from the sea, and proceeding inland about three miles through the forest, arrived at our intended resting-place at sunset. The houses are scattered through the jungle, and built in the usual manner of this country: some were roofed with shingles, covered with stones to keep them in their places, and the rest were thatched with rice straw or reeds. This village is the largest in the district of Kerghanagh road, and is the winter residence of Balla Khan, who retires in the summer with most of the inhabitants to his yakkauks at Aug-e-lyer, which are described by all who have been there as exceedingly beautiful in scenery, and healthy in climate. The khan was at this time at Enzellee. There appeared to be some difficulty about preparing a house for us; the owner of the one chosen grumbling, and protesting that if he gave it to us he should get into a scrape with his master's son, who wished to make us his own guests; but as we were very tired, and it was already dark, we declared we would remain where we were. In the mean time, however, the gentleman in question himself appeared, inviting us most pressing to go to his residence, where every preparation had been made, and where we should be better accommodated than in the village. As he seemed so much in earnest we accepted his proffered kindness, mounted our horses again, and rode off with him. Ferrajoolah Beg, Balla Khan's second son, was a jolly round faced vulgar-looking fellow, terribly pitted with the small-pox. Contrary, however, to the rules of physiognomy, he turned out to be a sensible, shrewd man, well acquainted with the history of his own country, and knowing a great deal of that of England and India; he had also a tolerable idea of Europe, and his remarks were more pertinent than those of most of his countrymen. On arriving at his house we were shewn into a comfortable apartment; rose-water was poured over our hands and beards, and tea was served. Our host, after many polite speeches, wishing to put us completely at our ease, requested us to stretch out our legs, instead of sitting in the Eastern fashion; 'Or,' observed he, 'perhaps you would like to walk up and down the room.' We assured him, however, that, having been in the saddle since the morning, we thought we had enjoyed enough exercise for one day; and that we felt perfectly comfortable. The English habit of pacing up and down a room is a matter of profound astonishment to Asiatics in general, who have no idea of any person walking about when he has the option of sitting still. The Hindoos, I have been told, think it a part of our worship. After tea the Beg left us to



ourselves for about an hour, when he returned, accompanied by his two brothers, Nooroolah Beg and Shookroollah Beg; a brother of Mehmet Khan, chief of the Shah sevens, and some other friends, and dinner immediately followed. A tray containing a chillo and pillo, radishes, fried eggs, a stew of meat, and a bowl of sherbet, was allowed to each two persons; and, at the word 'Bismillah' (In the name of God,) the company fell to in silence, unbroken during the whole time save by the sound of the various jaws in process of mastication. Hands were thrust deep into the greasy dishes, rice squeezed into balls and swallowed with astonishing rapidity; and in less than a quarter of an hour little remained of the immense piles which had been set before them. Water was then brought in, and each guest slightly wetted his fingers, afterwards wiping them on his pocket handkerchief or his coat, as the case might be; which ceremony had scarcely been performed, when our Shah-seven friend and one or two others, loosening their belts, immediately lapsed into a state of torpidity. My companion and myself had made a plentiful meal, but our dishes appeared comparatively untouched. The Persians are very large eaters, particularly those of the lower classes; five of our servants, who dined together, devoured every day about twenty pounds of bread, besides a good allowance of meat and fruit; and one evening three of the grooms ate among them ten pounds of rice, and were grumbling because they could not get any more. The Prussians say that the English do not eat; they only play with their food. After dinner, having received intelligence that our baggage had halted for the night at the mouth of the river, we sent a person to bring it on; and in the mean time, as it was late, the Beg very kindly offered to lend us bedding, which we thankfully accepted. On undressing, I found myself covered with swellings, occasioned by the bite of some insect, which were most painfully irritable. Our baggage arrived during the night; and, as soon as we awoke in the morning, the servants came to represent the necessity of resting the horses, stating that it was forty-eight miles to Enzellee, and that if we started to-day the animals could not proceed far, and we should arrive there at sunset the following evening, which would not give the necessary time to look for a comfortable lodging. Ferrajoolah Beg, at the same time, sent a message to say that he should be delighted, if we would extend our visit. All things, therefore, being considered, though we were anxious to reach Enzellee, we determined to enjoy the luxury of a day's repose. The morning was delightful; and we took a walk about the premises with our host and his other guests. He shewed us the skin of a royal tiger, a very large animal, which had been killed about a year before; five or six of them are shot annually by the peasantry. The wild beasts inhabiting these forests are, the royal tiger, panther, an animal called the *vashek*, which I believe to be the lynx, the wolf, hog, jackal, bear, loose or chebeleek, said to be of the colour of a tabby cat, and which I thought might be the wild cat, but they said not; and an animal called the *shing*, the skin of which is valuable. I have no idea what this is. There are more than one species of the goat and deer; of the latter there is a fine animal called the *maral*. Otters are found in the rivers. About twelve o'clock, the usual Persian time, we were summoned to breakfast, and all returned to the house exceedingly sharp-set. The meal was a repetition of dinner, and the same feeding-scene took place as in the previous evening. I have often heard it remarked, with respect to the Eastern custom of eating with the fingers, that it was a mistake to regard it as unpleasant; and that the hands, which were thoroughly washed, were cleaner implements than our knives and forks.

"In Persia, I can only say that I found the washing a very inefficient ceremony; no soap is used, a little tepid water being merely poured over the hands before and after dinner, and they are oftentimes wiped with a pocket-handkerchief which has not been washed for perhaps six months. The voracious manner in which they swallow their food is disgusting. In general, Persians admire the European custom of using the knife and fork, and confess that it is more decent in appearance, and cleaner in reality, than their own; but Ferrajoolah Beg, while admitting this, observed, that after all he preferred eating with the hand, as it imparted a flavour to the food: judging from the colour and appearance of his own hand. I should think the observation correct. It was nearly one o'clock when the company dispersed; and feeling disinclined to go out in the broiling sun (for, though the middle of November, it felt like the middle of summer,) I occupied myself till dusk in finishing some rough sketches made on the road; and then taking my gun, strolled along the edge of the forest till dark, when I returned, not having seen any game. This evening we dined alone, and made our own cook prepare the meal, as we were already tired of chillo and pillo. Having a long day's journey before us, we rose early, and left Kerghanah, accompanied by Ferrajoolah Beg and Shookroollah Beg. The former soon took leave; but the latter continued with us to the village of Jellowdar, where a house had been cleared and a capital breakfast prepared. The house I will describe as a fair specimen of the dwellings throughout Taulish and Gheelaun, though perhaps rather better furnished than the generality. It consisted of a single room plastered with mud, having two or three arched recesses in the wall. The fire was placed in a shallow semi-circular hole in the earthen floor, immediately in front of a projecting mass of clay about four feet in length and breadth, and two feet high, serving to support the cooking utensils. There was no outlet for the smoke except through the door, which was made for this purpose the whole height of the apartment, and had of necessity to be kept open while the fire was burning. The ceiling was formed of square wooden beams placed close together, which had become blackened by the constant action of the smoke. The mudwork of the walls was very neatly executed; and the recesses were edged with white plaster, though this was dispensed with in the poorer cottages. The roof was of good rice straw thatch, projecting many feet from the walls, and supported by wooden pillars; thus forming a verandah, where in fine weather the women sit and spin. Breakfast being over we left the village, still accompanied by Shookroollah Beg, and proceeded through the forest towards the sea-shore. As we went along, he occasionally ordered the men we happened to see in the way to follow him, so that in a short time we had six or eight fellows armed with rifles and kummers marching in our train. 'My followers are always ready,' observed he; 'and when I go abroad, I leave home alone, and collect them in this manner as I journey onwards.' Having accompanied us some distance, the Beg and his followers took leave; and we continued our march, regretting much that we could not afford time to stay longer with these wild foresters, whose kindness and hospitality had gained our esteem. Their mode of life reminds one of that of the Scotch Highlanders in days of yore; they are divided into clans, each chief having his own retainers, who are always armed, both from habit and as a protection against wild beasts. The kummer is a favourite means of defence, which they are seldom without. It is a formidable two-edged pointed weapon, very much like the ancient Roman sword, with a blade about a foot and a half long and three inches broad, generally very sharp, and capable of inflicting the most deadly wounds. They consider it cowardly to stab, and use it only for cutting; a thrust would probably be fatal."

We have this week confined ourselves to these few but pleasing and characteristic selections from the first seventy pages of the volume, and shall return with satisfaction to its other various as well as more comprehensive views.

### A PRESS-GANG HERO. A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

On a cold, raw day, characteristic of January rather than June, with a wind coming from the eastward surcharged with a drizzling, clammy rain, I found myself mid-day mounting one of the bluff headlands on the Dorset coast. My path lay across a heathy moor, desolate and dreary; the only sign of life amid the wild was the solitary sheep-track I had followed for miles, trodden occasionally by a rude pedestrian.

Throughout the morning the propriety of halting at the first convenient place of shelter had frequently suggested itself, but neither hedge nor hovel had been passed,—nothing was visible but round undulating downs, covered with the short, compact, thymy sward, peculiar to this part of the coast,—there was no screening oneself from the searching east wind and rain.

Trusting to fortune for the future, I held on my way until I came to a spot where my hitherto solitary path divided itself in twain, one diverging out of the other,—not at right angles, or in a decided, abrupt, honest sort of way, as though it had a business of its own, and led the weary traveller to a place of rest,—but in that peculiar, sly, slanting manner, which induces him to imagine it a matter of slight moment which path he follows, so parallel they seem to run together; anon they separated, and again they appear to close, until in the distance the mind is bewildered with their turnings and windings. But let the traveller pause before he puts his feet or his faith upon the devious track, for imperceptibly the paths separate, and he soon puts a wide space between him and his former road, which may cost him much loss of time and sinew to regain.

Pausing therefore at the junction of the forked, path, and cogitating which to choose,—now determining to adhere to the one I had followed from the dawn, and anon resolving to try the new one,—novelty ever being with me a forcible loadstone, I was suddenly roused out of my partial reverie by a voice close behind me saying—"Lost your way, sir?"

Starting at the sudden interruption, and turning round, I saw an old man, who, aided by the soft, spongy turf, had walked close upon me before I was aware of his approach.

"Lost your way, sir?" again repeated the old man, perceiving that I made him no reply; and indeed the sudden and unexpected manner of his appearance had momentarily deprived me of the power of speech. I felt his presence a kind of insult upon my vigilance; however, recovering from my brief surprise, I told him I had lost my way, at the same time requesting him to point out the road to a place of shelter.

Accepting his guidance, on we went together. My new acquaintance was in a green old age, though crippled in his gait. His dress bespoke him a mariner of the old school; a few grizzly hairs were scattered round an open, broad, honest countenance, which constant exposure had deeply bronzed; and, perched on the top of his head, he wore a small glazed hat, round which was coiled a piece of crape.

A few moments' conversation assured me I had stumbled against one of England's old defenders, and I most unhesitatingly assert it to be an impossibility to pass an hour in the company of one of these old seamen without talking of the sea,—the old wars,—and the brave fights in which they bore away the palm from all nations. These ancient mariners of the Nelson school are passing fast away from the earth, and when we accidentally cross the path of one of them, we linger round him and listen to his tales of desperate bravery, yard-arm and yard-arm with Spanish Dons and blustering Frenchmen, and wonder if the exigencies of any future war will rouse up a similar race of men to emulate their bold example.

On our way to a place of shelter, he rapidly sketched out his life's history, first premising that an hour previous to our meeting he had been the sole mourner of a cherished friend; the last link that bound him to earth had that morning been buried in a neighbouring village churchyard, and from whose funeral he was returning to his lonely home on the sea-beach, an hour's walk from our place of meeting.

Historically speaking, it may be said of some persons that they are born men, namely, such whose birth and youth we have no account of, and accordingly, we must be content to find the veteran fully grown, and just returned from an eastern voyage, having escaped the dangers of climate, the perils of the sea, and the vigilance of the enemy's cruisers, to be kidnapped by those of his own country.

England was at that time blockading the whole of France, and to put a girdle of men-of-war round her extensive coast, required more seamen than could be raised by ordinary means; consequently, a hot press, with all its tyranny, was raging, and the homeward-bound mariner found it impossible to escape from this torrid zone of persecution.

There is no necessity to dwell upon the particulars of the violence and the wrong inflicted upon him; it is enough to say, he was forced into a frigate with many others, their crime consisting in being young and hardy. Permission to land upon their native soil was denied them after their protracted voyage, nor were they permitted to communicate with their relations: in vain they urged the hardship of their case, a deaf ear was turned to their complaints,—necessities of the times were urged as the plea in support of the tyranny, and backed by the press-warrant, were too powerful to be resisted; and as the frigate was ready for sea, further remonstrance was rendered useless, for they were soon standing down Channe' bound for the Mediterranean.

"It was surprising," continued the old man, "what may be done by example. Many of the pressed men growled very much at first, but they were soon either flogged or starved into submission, and finding that resistance only increased their troubles, in the course of time they appeared reconciled to their situation, and insensibly fell into the routine of the frigate's duty: the new hands were improved in all warlike exercises—art doubling their strength by teaching them the use of it; so that by the time we arrived in the Mediterranean, we were fit to be drafted into those ships which were weak-handed, and capable of supplying the deficiencies caused by the climate or the shot of the enemy."

The old seamen was ordered into the *Swallow*, where we propose to follow him.

This sloop, together with the *America* of 74 guns, and the *Curacoa* frigate, were cruising in company, when the *Swallow*, owing to the circumstance of her drawing less water, was ordered by signal to stand in towards the French coast to reconnoitre. The news flew round the decks like wildfire, and was



obeyed with alacrity. Any event was hailed with pleasure that broke the dull monotony of a blockade. There was excitement, too, in the uncertainty of what might be the result of their peeping into the Frenchman's ports, which stimulated them to action; "for of course," quaintly remarked my companion, "our education had not been so far neglected as to allow us to be ignorant of the fact, that Frenchmen were our natural enemies, and that it was our duty to destroy them by every means in our power."

After hearing the land, they discovered what afterwards proved to be a French brig-corvette, mounting fourteen guns—twenty-four-pounders carronades, a large schooner, and a shoal of gun boats conveying fourteen vessels of various sizes laden with warlike stores for Toulon; but having seen the English squadron, had run under the island of St Marguerite, and anchored.

The Swallow remained in shore all night, watching the movements of the French vessels, and at day-break perceived they were getting under weigh; when the brig, schooner, and gun boats, observing her to be unprotected by the British fleet, stood out to sea, trusting to their overwhelming force, and favoured by a leading breeze. The English ship, however, stood her ground against the unequal match, much to the astonishment of her opponents, who apparently unable to comprehend the cool audacity of the English in thus offering battle to such a superior force, contented themselves with a few showy manoeuvres, after which they hauled their wind, and made sail for the neighbouring bay of Frejus.

The Swallow's crew, seeing the Frenchmen decline the combat, had faint hopes of bringing on an action, and were preparing to join the America and Curacoa in the offing, when about noon the breeze freshening, the French brig, schooner, and the shoal of gun boats once more stood out to sea upon the starboard tack.

It appeared that in the harbour of Frejus they had received a number of volunteers and a detachment of soldiers on board their different vessels, and, thus strengthened, had plucked up courage, once more determined to capture the English sloop.

Against these accumulated odds, the British tars refused to fly, or even attempt an escape; but standing in on the larboard tack, they advanced to meet their numerous opponents, sounding all the way, the leadsmen calling out without the least shake in his voice, although the enemy numbered at least four to one. Finding that they neared the leading French vessel fast, and also that they could weather her, the Swallow closed, and, in passing, gave and received a broadside: "we then," continued the old man, "were close under the brig's stern, hoping by that manoeuvre to keep her head off-shore; but we found it impossible, as our head braces were shot away; our opponent consequently got round upon our larboard side, and in that position we furiously canonaded her to leeward."

In the mean time the schooner was not idle; she had taken up an annoying position out of the reach of the Swallow's guns, and it was only occasionally they could hit her. "As you may imagine," continued the old mariner, "from the size and number of our opponents, we did not have it all our own way; and after sustaining the unequal fight for about an hour, and repulsing the desperate attempts made by the enemy to board us, we at last were compelled to slacken our fire, after being almost blown to pieces."

"This silence of our guns cheered up the French,—and those who know anything about them, know that no men fight a winning battle better; but if they meet with a determined check, or the day appears to go against them, off they go, like butter on the coast of Guinea: they are all noise and nonsense, or else they despair and die."

"Our fire having slackened, they made sure we were beaten, and steering close alongside, hailed us to surrender; to which unusual summons we answered with a hearty cheer and a broadside, given as well as our crippled state would permit; and exasperated at our obstinate defence, they threatened to blow us out of the water; but" continued the old seaman, "the worst and coldest fur-coat is that which is to be made of a bear's skin which has yet to be killed."

Nevertheless the Swallow's position was very critical; surrounded by her numerous foes, she was sustaining a murderous cannonade from every direction; and about this period of the action a most affecting incident occurred, forcibly illustrating the horrors of a naval fight.

On board the Swallow there was a seaman of the name of Phelan; he was captain of the fore-castle, foremost in every danger, whether in the battle or the breeze, and for his known courage and good conduct was an universal favourite with his superiors. His wife was the counterpart of himself, and as often happens in ships of war, was allowed to live on board with him. She was stationed with some other women, as is usual in time of battle, to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded.

From the close manner in which the Swallow had engaged the enemy, yard-arm to yard-arm, the wounded men were brought below very fast, and with the rest a messmate of her husband's, and consequently her own, was placed under her care. He had received a musket ball in his side, and she used her exertions to console the wounded sailor, who was in great agonies, and nearly breathing his last, when by some chance she heard that her husband lay wounded and bleeding on deck.

As before stated, it was at this period of the combat that the Swallow's guns became partially silenced, owing to her great loss of men; and the Frenchmen's energies being doubled thereby, they poured in their language, grape, and canister, and in the midst of this iron rain, the poor woman, already overpowered by anxiety, could not be restrained, but rushed instantly on deck, and received the wounded tar in her arms.

"Courage, Jack!" she cried, "all will yet be well; where are you hurt?"

The poor fellow faintly raised his head to kiss her, when she burst into a flood of tears, impelled thereto by the mangled and helpless state of her husband; but rallying again, her consoling voice bade him be of good heart and cheer up, and she would assist him down below, and place him under the surgeon's care. The words had barely left her faithful lips, when an ill-directed shot tore her head from her body. The wounded tar, who was closely wrapped in her arms, opened his eyes once more gazed wildly for an instant upon his headless wife, and in that short glance drank in sufficient horror to make him close them again for ever.

What rendered the circumstance doubly affecting was, the poor woman had only three weeks before been delivered of a fine boy, who was in a moment deprived of a father and a mother.

"By this time," resumed the old mariner, "the affair was getting very serious, and our success, like the sea on which we fought, ebbed and flowed; and, owing to the short distance we were from the land, which was bristling with batteries, our Captain thought it advisable to haul off from the unequal fight, and join the Commodore in the offing; but in attempting to put this plan into operation, the French brig made a bold dash to fling her troops on board

of us, but after a hard struggle they were driven back, and being baffled in the attempt, they gave up the contest as hopeless, and standing away under all her canvass, she, as well as the schooner and the gunboats, were soon at anchor in the Bay of Gruinard, quite contented with the mauling they had given us.

As soon as the action subsided, and the passions of the sailors cooled down, nature resumed her course, and the events just narrated left no impression on the gently heaving sea. A thick heavy smoke was packed about the crippled sloop, hanging round her in sombre masses, like a huge pall; in other respects, all was quiet and serene as a lovely summer's day, and the sunny hours pursued their everlasting course in the quiet order prescribed by the powerful will that set them in motion. A groan, or a smothered shriek, at intervals issued from the deep recesses of the Swallow's decks, as some wounded or dying mariner writhed in his agony, affording fearful evidence of the violence with which man had madly contested with his fellow man.

The feelings of the Swallow's crew needed no unnecessary excitement to stimulate them; they soon became interested for poor Tommy, for so was the child of Phelan called. Many said and all feared he must die: they all agreed he should have a hundred fathers! But the ready ingenuity of the tars was shown on this occasion in a manner as remarkable for its humanity as its novelty.

One of them recollected there was a Maltese goat on board, belonging to the officers, which gave an abundance of milk; and, for want of a better nurse, she was resorted to for the purpose of suckling the poor child, who, singular enough, thrived well upon his new mother; and so tractable did his nurse become, that when one of Tommy's hundred fathers brought him to be suckled by her, she would lie down and yield her milk to him immediately.

The following day, poor Phelan and his wife were sewed up in one ham-mock, and it is needless to say, as the sea received them were buried in one grave.

Strife followed strife rapidly at this period of the war; and soon after the affair of the Swallow and her numerous foes, the old mariner was drafted into the Minstrel of twenty guns, and while sailing in company with the Philomel of eighteen guns, surprised three French privateers; but as they had the small port of Blendon near Alicant under their lee, they ran in there, and took shelter under the guns of the fort.

The British ships, although baffled and disappointed at the escape of the French privateers, did not abandon the hope of ultimately taking possession of them; and standing off and on upon an easy bowline across the mouth of the port, they kept a strict look-out upon the motions of the enemy. A strong castle, mounting twenty-four guns, commanded the entrance to the harbour, and presented an obstacle too difficult for their means to surmount; and as an additional security against their attacks, the Frenchmen had hauled upon the beach two of the privateers, and formed a battery with six of the guns, which battery was manned with their united crews, amounting to eighty men, chiefly Genoese.

"You see," resumed the old mariner, "this was our position: high and dry upon the beach lay two out of three of the privateers, protected by the castle and the battery formed of their own guns. In the offing the Minstrel and the Philomel were prowling up and down like a couple of gloomy looking giants, baffled of their prey, and ready to seize anything that should leave the port; while at night a boat well manned and armed was sent close in shore from one or the other of the ships, to keep a closer watch under cover of the darkness."

"This sort of duty had been followed some days, the ships watching by day and the boat at night, and the Frenchmen grinning at us in their fancied security, neither party knowing which would tire out first; but of course the Frenchmen would have remained on the beach till they bleached their bones there, before they would have ventured to sea in the teeth of the English men-of-war."

"As you may imagine, the duty in the boat at night was not very pleasant; the men wished it was over; in short, all hands were getting tired of the harassing, monotonous work, and any scheme likely to put an end to it was listened to with pleasure; for we all felt assured, unless some attempt was made on our parts to carry the privateers, the business was likely to be of long duration."

"At length it came to the turn of a young midshipman to take command of the boat which was to row night guard near the shore; he was one of those hot spirits who quickly hatch words into blows, and shoving off from the Minstrel, away he went with his boat's crew, consisting of seven men, one of whom was myself," quietly remarked the veteran.

"It was a lovely night; the sea was as smooth as grease, and glistened like a widow's eye where in patches it was partially illuminated by a glimmer from the moon, as she broke through the openings in the clouds; not a sound broke the hushed silence which everywhere reigned around, save the measured stroke of the oars of our boat as she stole along the water to her appointed post."

"After rowing guard for some time, we thought we heard in the distance the sound of oars, coming in a direction from the land; and as that was somewhat an unusual circumstance, we lay prepared and armed to meet the intruder. The sounds soon became more distinct, and as the object approached, it turned out to be a Spanish boat which had put off from the town. She afforded us, however, an opportunity of learning some tidings about the privateers, the cause of our harassing night watches. We learnt from the Spaniard that the battery on the beach was manned with only thirty men, the rest of the privateers' crews having taken up their quarters in the town, deeming the battery sufficiently strong with that number to resist any attack we could make. He, however, added, that the castle was manned with twenty men, whose assistance in case of a surprise, would be available; and after repeatedly assuring us the French had retired from the quarter, we allowed him to depart without further molestation."

"And did you dare to attack these bdds with your boat's crew of seven men?" I ventured to remark.

"Wait a little," said the old mariner, his quiet manner strongly contrasting with the daring action he was relating. "As soon as the Spanish boat left us and was fairly out of sight, we held a council of war, and we did agree to attempt the battery on the beach by surprise, and if successful, either to carry off the privateers or burn them, and so end the boat duty."

"Well, having once resolved upon the attack, we did not allow our resolutions time to cool, but set about putting our plan into execution immediately; and relying upon the tried courage and steadiness of the boat's crew, our daring young midshipman, about 10 o'clock at night ran the boat ashore, and landed our little band at a place about three miles to the westward of the town."

"Leaving the boat upon the beach, we pushed on eagerly, but we were soon brought up, all standing, by a challenge from a French sentinel. We thought we were fairly trapped, and that the Spaniard had deceived us; but the pre-



sence of mind of the midshipman saved us: he instantly replied to the challenge, in Spanish, that we were peasants returning to the town. Now if the French soldier had advanced a dozen yards further towards us, we should have been discovered; but the readiness with which the answer was given was so natural, that it excited no suspicion; moreover, it was an answer which he received almost every hour of his watch, as the easantry were constantly passing to and fro. But perhaps the very last event likely to enter his mind at that moment was the very one actually taking place; for it is barely possible to imagine an act of greater rashness than seven men and a young stripling of a midshipman attempting to carry a battery mounting six guns, and manned by at least thirty men. Our rashness, therefore, may be said, up to this time, to have been the cause of our safety; and so, favoured by these circumstances and the indistinct light of the night, we were without further hindrance allowed to advance.

"Keeping the sea-shore in view, we proceeded cautiously to the battery, and arrived there in about an hour; and reconnoitring for a few minutes, we found that the Spaniard had told the truth. It was evident the crews of the privateers fancied themselves secure from harm, and hugging this belief, became careless, as many points of the battery were left undefended; and, after adjusting our arms for the attack, we unexpectedly rushed upon them from pifferent directions, and surprised by the suddenness of our assault, and ignorant of our numbers, they soon left the battery in our possession.

"We were allowed to retain it but a short time; for the noise of our firing drew down upon us the attention of a party of two hundred French soldiers, who soon surrounded us, but as they had no information of our numbers, except the imperfect report of the runaway garrison, they acted with a caution in their approaches that raised a smile upon the face of the young midshipman who was giving his orders to repel them.

"However, the French soldiers soon set upon us, and their overwhelming numbers gave them great advantage: we were but few opposed to many—faint to fresh, and of course unable to make any forcible resistance; but our wills were good, and so our arms being too weak for our hearts, we may be said to have been subdued rather than conquered. After holding the battery against the troops for an hour, it was not until one of our party was killed, the gallant midshipman shot through the eye, and all our ammunition expended, that the French were able to put a foot within the outworks; but the moment our firing ceased, they rushed upon us with their bayonets, and being too weak to stand a hand-to-hand fight against such numbers, we were obliged, after the midshipman had been stabbed in seventeen places and every man severely wounded, to give up possession of the battery.

"As soon as the commander of the soldiers found he had been held at bay for upwards of an hour by seven men and a boy, it would have been difficult to detect whether he was more pleased than vexed—for vexed he certainly was—at the trouble we had given him; but he was a man of a generous, noble disposition, and our conduct soon called from him the most unbounded praise and by his orders the greatest care was shown to the wounded, assisting with his own hands to relieve our sufferings; and on the following morning he made his reports to General Goudin, the French officer who held the command in that quarter, and from him, as well as all the officers under him, we received the same benevolent treatment; and, not content with mere words, but wishing to show the high esteem in which he held our conduct, he sent a flag of truce to Captain Peyton of the *Ministrel*, inviting him on shore, and receive in person the congratulations of himself and the other French officers, on having such men under his command."

"And did your Captain accept the courtesy of the gallant Frenchman?" I asked.

"He did," replied the old man; "on the following day he dined with General Goudin and all his officers, and was received on landing with full military honours; and after the dinner the General gave him back his midshipman, and six out of his seven men, making a speech fitting for the occasion. We were then carried by French troops in our wounded state through lines of French soldiers down to the boat on the beach, the soldiers presenting arms in honour to us as we passed; and thus, I may say," said the old tar, with some tinge of bitterness in his voice, "I received more sympathy and honourable treatment from the hands of the enemy than I did from my country,—for, as soon as my wounds were healed I was discharged as unfit for further duty."

The remnant of the old mariner's tale is soon told; it consisted of one unvarying struggle with poverty. We have seen his country claim his services when he was young and active, and that he nobly sustained the part assigned to him, in whose service he becomes a broken man, deprived of the inheritance he had received from God—health and strength. With these helpmates he might have toiled his way to comfort in his declining days; but at the peace he was thrust out upon the world with a stung heart and disabled body, to live or die as he best could, the paltry pittance which in its magnanimity the country gave him being about equivalent to a pauper's dole; yet, with a stout heart he fought against the ills of neglect and poverty, that proved him no common hero.

The war ended, he had to begin the world anew, to form new preferences, and, with blighted prospects, he became a fisherman in the neighbourhood of the place of our meeting. In this way he supported himself and the child of poor Phelan, who in its helplessness found a father in the old tar. How true it is, but for the poor the poor would perish! With scarcely a crust of his own, he taxed himself with finding nourishment for the child, to guard it from want, and to shield its infancy from the unnering scrutiny of observation; and so it grew up in strength and vigour, until in its turn the child became the support of the man, the sole prop of the declining days of the benevolent mariner.

With varying success they toiled on together in their hazardous trade, the old man reaping the reward of his humanity in the protection given him by his adopted son, whose strength betokened an ability, and whose gratitude evinced a disposition to sustain him in his declining days. Their gains were attained by honest industry, and though small in bulk, were great in blessing, a divine benediction being always invisibly breathed on pains-taking and lawful diligence. All went well for a time, and the latter days of the old seaman, like unto Job's, promised to be happier than the first.

But fate had not yet done with him; by one of those accidents common to seafaring men, his adopted son was drowned whilst fishing. This last blow deprived him of his last stay and support; but he bore the loss meekly, and without complaint. "It is not the creaking spoke in the wheel which bears the greatest burden," said he, and his muffled sorrow was more affecting than the choicest words. I felt that the world had borne hard upon the old man. However, his lot is the common lot of thousands; for it rarely happens that men in command fall short of their share of honour and rewards. Where many are compounded together in warlike undertakings, the leading figure makes ciphers of all the rest. Independent of this mode of classification there is also

a natural dignity, whereby one man is ranked before another, another filed before him. A nobility that owns no herald's college; and, endued with this spirit, the old mariner maintained erected resolutions, counting upon death as a good bargain, where he could not lose, but gain, by laying out his life to advantage; and thus he put on the boldest appearance in the lowest declination of his fortunes. Peace be with him in his dark hour! for he suffered greatly in the defence of the land.

### SERPENTS.

We consider the following views by M. Raspail to possess much scientific as well as popular interest: Serpents are divided into two grand classes, of which the one bite without poisoning the wound, while the others have a venomous bite. The adder, the boa, &c., belong to the first list; the viper, the rattle-snake, &c., are in the second; and these species, fearful from the accidents consecutive to their bite, owe this property to two teeth of the upper jaw, which are movable, of a crooked figure, and perforated by a canal, which communicates with a glandular reservoir, in which the poison is elaborated. When the animal closes its jaws these two teeth lie flat against the palate; when on the contrary, the animal opens its mouth, these teeth stand upright again, and the play of the muscles, by compressing the secreting organ of the poison, causes the liquid to pass into the dental canal, which thus deposits it in the wound. In the adder, and other non-venomous serpents, this apparatus is replaced by a second row of common teeth. Still, as there is nothing abrupt in nature, it is very possible that we may meet with intermediate states between these two forms, and which thus tend only to confuse and embarrass classifications. We have no direct experience to shew that those various influences which preside over the specific transformations or crossings of the animal races may not clothe the one of these species with the character of the other, or, at least, produce a modification in the forms of both.

Venomous serpents acquire a greater virulence according to the elevation of the temperature. The viper of our climate is much more dangerous in the height of summer than at the commencement of spring, in gravelly and arid plains than in shady positions; the rattle-snake of the Indies is more venomous than the viper of the north of Europe. The irritation of the animal may render the wound more dangerous by infiltrating the poison more deeply into our tissues: it is under such circumstances that the viper, biting twice, and thus leaving four traces of its gripe, has led some ancient authors to believe that the females have four venomous teeth and the males only two: the female serpents, in fact, at the period of laying their eggs, or of incubation, are more irritable than the males.

The ancients were perfectly aware that the poison of the viper, so subtle when introduced by puncture, is inoffensive in the stomach; they were in the habit of introducing the viper, frequently the head as well as the tail, as an ingredient in their electuaries. But it is especially by the experiments of Redi, Fontana, and Charraz, that this previously popular belief has been rigidly demonstrated. There are many other substances which we digest with impunity, but which become so many causes of poisoning if infiltrated into the blood by means of a puncture: is not pus, even when of a good character, to be reckoned among this class?

In the various symptoms of this kind of poisoning, as well as in the means which serve as its antidotes, everything seems to indicate that the poison of the viper acts by an acid property, and by coagulating, after the manner of acids, the albumen of the blood; for since the time of Fontana it is generally admitted that the best of antidotes is ammonia applied externally as well as taken internally. The wound becomes swollen, red, and ecchymosed; sometimes it is surrounded with small vesicles of watery bladders; every part becomes congested—the head, the lungs, the abdomen, the limbs, the face; vertigo and stupor takes place, to be shortly followed by delirium and coma; the pulse falls; the circulation, at first irregular, grows weaker and weaker; for at every point it meets with an interruption from the coagulation of the blood. It is a frigid poison; the paralysed stomach rejects the nutriment, which acts upon it as a dead weight; the patient commences to vomit, but falls off into a state of dozing; his agony is a mortal sleep. The actual or potential cautery made upon the place immediately after the accident prevents all these disorders; ammonia taken internally and ammoniacal frictions dissipate them at a more advanced period. Abandoned to itself, the disease is cured spontaneously only in those cases where the dose of the poison has been infinitely small.

Serpents are fond of milk; they are also greedy of wine, which intoxicates them: they have occasionally been seen to milk the cow, and they have been found drowned at the bottom of vats.

From persevering inquiries, I have become convinced that the power of fascination, which has been attributed to serpents, vipers as well as adders, is not a fable or vulgar fiction. It has frequently occurred to persons travelling through forests to witness the poor little birds, while uttering a plaintive cry, descend from branch to branch, attracted as it were by some occult power, and yield themselves up within the jaws of a serpent lying hidden among the boughs of the tree.—obedient victims to the glance of their executioner: the thread of this charm is broken by simply whisking a switch through the air; no doubt, from that fact, that the whistling of the air frightens the serpent, and thus paralyses its magnetic effluvia. What is the mechanism of this incredible fascination, which so perfectly recalls to one's mind the fable of the Sirens? There is undoubtedly here a physical cause, an emanation which envelopes the bird in an atmosphere of asphyxiating gas, in the same way as the spider envelops the fly in its gauze like net. To explain the phenomenon in a more perfect manner; let us suppose that the serpent has the power of emitting, one on each side of its mouth, two streams of a poisonous and stupefying gas, which proceed to unite above the head of the bird. If the bird attempts to fly the danger, it can only do so by descending; for it is there only that it will find a free space: in proportion as it descends, the two jets will continue to unite, and to follow it; and it is thus that to escape asphyxia the poor bird drops within the jaws of the serpent; it falls into Scylla in avoiding Charybdis. This power of fascination being common to vipers as well as adders, it is evident that these latter have the faculty of regaining, in certain cases, the character which alone makes the difference of the two species. The venom of the serpent partakes of the nature of all organic poisons; it does not lose its venomous qualities by drying; and the prick from the tooth of a dead viper or rattle-snake is as much feared by those who are in the habit of making preparations of these reptiles as that of the living animal.

The salamander is a lizard without scales, the skin of which, speckled with yellow, exhales a fluid, which some persons have regarded as poisonous. This fact needs confirmation; yet it does not seem destitute of foundation.

The toad, that degenerated species of frog which is found in ruins and in miry places, exudes from its whole body, in the same manner as the salamander



a viscous fluid; but this is not its true poison. All country-people are well aware that when pursued, the toad ejaculates an acid and corrosive liquid as if to obstruct its persecutors. The poisonous quality of this liquid had been often questioned by writers who have never observed its effects; but there are so many evidences as to the truth of this assertion, that it would be presumptuous not to admit it as a demonstrated fact. Matthiolus attributes to the poison of toads the sudden death of persons who have eaten of strawberries, mushrooms, or other legumes, which the toad has besmeared with its venom. Ambrose Pare cites, among other facts, a case of poisoning proved before the legal tribunals, and which had been produced by pieces of sage over which a toad must have passed. According to Christ. Franc. Paulini, a man, while throwing stones at a large toad, took hold of one which the reptile had polluted with its venom. His hand swelled up from the violence of the pain; it became covered with phlyctenæ and vesicles filled with an ichorous sanies; the inflammation extended up the arm, and gave him the most acute torture for fourteen days. At the end of three years, and on the exact anniversary of the day on which he pursued the toad, the disease returned with all its original symptoms, and the man was cured only after considerable difficulty. Leeuwenhoek speaks of an amateur angler, who, being in the habit of baiting his hook with toads and frogs, one day received the fluid ejaculated by one of these batracii upon the surface of his eye, and in consequence was attacked with acute ophthalmia. He speaks also of a dog which could not catch a toad without afterwards falling into paroxysms of fury and of madness. I myself have often seen a fluid ejaculated by toads which I have pursued: the stream was thrown out to a distance of 80 centimetres—it was of a greenish colour and nauseous odour; but I had nothing at hand to experiment upon these animals. And even had we not so many evidences in support of its nature, analogy alone would point out to us that this liquid, ejaculated as a means of defence, must be of a nature similar to that which the viper introduces for the same object into the flesh of its aggressor.

We must then, admit that this venom has a great share in the production of those cases of poisoning which seem to depend on some doubtful cause, and which arise, after having eaten without precaution fruits or creeping vegetables, and even mushrooms, which, from their general characters, would be classed among the most inoffensive species. How many accidents, which could not be traced to any certain cause, might perhaps be referred to this kind of infection? How many people, who have waked up ill and stupified from the sleep that they have taken on the grass, have probably been indebted for their illness to this species of accident?

#### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE'S.

MRS. CAUDLE DISCOURSES ON MAIDS-OF-ALL-WORK AND MAIDS IN GENERAL. MR. CAUDLE'S "INFAMOUS BEHAVIOUR" TEN YEARS AGO.

There now, it isn't my intention to say a word to-night, Mr. Caudle. No; I want to go to sleep, if I can; for, after what I've gone through to-day, and with the head-ache I've got,—and if I haven't left my smelling salts on the mantel-piece, on the right-hand corner just as you go into the room—nobody could miss it—I say, nobody could miss it—in a little green bottle, and—well, there you lie like a stone, and I might perish and you wouldn't move. Oh, my poor head! But it may open and shut, and what do you care?

"Yes, that's like your feeling, just. I want my salts, and you tell me there's nothing like being still for a head-ache. Indeed? But I'm not going to be still; so don't you think it. That's just how a woman's put upon. But I know your aggravation—I know your art. You think to keep me quiet about that minx Kitty,—your favourite, sir! Upon my life, I'm not to discharge my own servant without—but she shall go. If I had to do all the work myself, she shouldn't stop under my roof. I can see how she looks down upon me. I can see a great deal, Mr. Caudle, that I never choose to open my lips about—but I can't shut my eyes. Perhaps it would have been better for my peace of mind if I always could. Don't say that. I'm not a foolish woman, and I know very well what I'm saying. I suppose you think I forget that Rebecca! I know it's ten years ago that she lived with us—but what's that to do with it? Things aren't the less true for being old, I suppose. No; and your conduct, Mr. Caudle, at that time—if it was a hundred years ago—I should never forget. What? I shall always be the same silly woman? I hope I shall—I trust I shall always have my eyes about me in my own house. Now, don't think of going to sleep, Caudle; because, as you've brought this up about that Rebecca, you shall hear me out. Well, I do wonder that you can name her! Eh? You didn't name her? That's nothing at all to do with it; for I know just as well what you think, as if you did. I suppose you'll say that you didn't drink a glass of wine to her? Never! So you said at the time, but I've thought of it for ten long years, and the more I've thought, the surer I am of it. And at that very time—if you please to recollect—at that very time little Jack was a baby. I shouldn't have so much cared but for that; but he was hardly running alone, when you nodded and drank a glass of wine to that creature. No; I'm not mad, and I'm not dreaming. I saw how you did it,—and the hypocrisy made it worse and worse. I saw you when the creature was just behind my chair, you took up a glass of wine, and saying to me, 'Margaret,' and then lifting up your eyes at the bold minx, and saying, 'my dear,' as if you wanted me to believe that you spoke only to me, when I could see you laugh at her behind me. And at that time little Jack wasn't on his feet. What do you say? Heaven forgive me! Ha! Mr. Caudle, it's you who ought to ask for that: I'm safe enough, I am: it's you who should ask to be forgiven.

"No, I wouldn't slander a saint—and I didn't take away the girl's character for nothing. I know she brought an action for what I said; and I know you had to pay damages for what you said my tongue—I well remember all that. And serve you right: if you hadn't laughed at her, it wouldn't have happened. But if you will make free with such people, of course you're sure to suffer for it. 'Twould have served you right if the lawyer's bill had been double. Damages, indeed! Not that anybody's tongue could have damaged her.

"And now, Mr. Caudle, you're the same man you were ten years ago. What? You hope so? The more shame for you. At your time of life, with all your children growing up about you, to—What am I talking of? I know very well; and so would you, if you had any conscience, which you haven't. When I say I shall discharge Kitty, you say she's a very good servant, and I shan't get a better. But I know why you think her good; you think her pretty, and that's enough for you; as if girls who work for their bread have any business to be pretty,—which she isn't. Pretty servants, indeed! going mincing about with their fal-lal faces, as if even the flies would spoil 'em. But I know what a bad man you are—now, it's no use your denying it; for didn't I overhear you talking to Mr. Prettyman, and didn't you say that you couldn't bear to have ugly servants in about you? I ask you,—didn't you say that?

Perhaps you did? You don't blush to confess it? If your principles, Mr. Caudle, ar'n't enough to make a woman's blood run cold!

"Oh, yes! you've talked that stuff again and again; and once I might have believed it; but I know a little more of you now. You like to see pretty servants, just as you like to see pretty statues, and pretty pictures, and pretty flowers, anything in Nature that's pretty, just as you say, for the eye to feed upon. Yes; I know your eyes,—very well. I know what they were ten years ago; for shall I ever forget that glass of wine when little Jack was in arms? I don't care if it was a thousand years ago, it's as fresh as yesterday, and I never will cease to talk of it. When you know me, how can you ask it?

"And now you insist upon keeping Kitty, when there's no having a bit of crockery for her! That girl would break the Bank of England—I know she would, if she was to put her hand upon it. But what's a whole set of blue china to her beautiful blue eyes? I know that's what you mean, though you don't say it.

"Oh, you needn't lie groaning there, for you don't think I shall ever forget Rebecca. Yes,—it's very well for you to swear at Rebecca now,—but you didn't swear at her then, Mr. Caudle, I know. 'Margaret, my dear!' Well, how you can have the face to look at me—You don't look at me! The more shame for you.

"I can only say, that either Kitty leaves the house, or I do. Which is it to be, Mr. Caudle? Eh? You don't care? Both? But you're not going to get rid of me in that manner, I can tell you. But for that trollop—now, you may swear and rave as you like—You don't intend to say a word more?—Very well; it's no matter what you say—her quarter's up on Tuesday, and go she shall. A soup-plate and a basin went yesterday.

"A soup-plate and a basin, and when I've the head-ache as I have, Mr. Caudle, tearing me to pieces! But I shall never be well in this world—never. A soup-plate and a basin!"

"She slept," writes Caudle, "and poor Kitty left on Tuesday."

MRS. CAUDLE HAS DISCOVERED THAT CAUDLE IS A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

"When I took up the paper to-day, Caudle, you might have knocked me down with a feather! Now, don't be a hypocrite—you know what's the matter. And when you haven't a bed to lie upon, and are brought to sleep upon coal-sacks—and then I can tell you, Mr. Caudle, you may sleep by yourself—then you'll know what's the matter. Now, I've seen your name, and don't deny it. Yes,—the Eel-Pie Island Railway—and among the Directors, Job Caudle, Esq., of the Turledevery, and—no, I won't be quiet. It isn't often—goodness knows!—that I speak; but seeing what I do, I won't be silent. What do I see? Why, there, Mr. Caudle, at the foot of the bed, I see all the blessed children in tatters—I see you in a gaol, and the carpets hung out at the windows.

"And now I know why you talk in your sleep about a broad and narrow gauge! I couldn't think what was on your mind,—but now it's out. Ha! Mr. Caudle, there's something about a broad and narrow way that I wish you'd remember—but you've turned quite a heathen: yes, you think of nothing but money now. Don't I like money? To be sure I do; but then I like it when I'm certain of it; no risks for me. Yes, it's all very well to talk about fortunes made in no time: they're like shirts made in no time—it's ten to one if they hang long together.

"And now it's plain enough why you can't eat or drink, or sleep, or do anything. Your mind's cut up into railways; for you shan't make me believe that Eel-Pie Island's the only one. Oh no! I can see by the looks of you. Why, in a little time, if you haven't as many lines in your face as there are lines laid down! Every one of your features seems cut up,—and all seem travelling from one another. Six months ago, Caudle, you hadn't a wrinkle; yes, you'd a cheek as smooth as any china, and now your face is like the map of England.

"At your time of life, too! You, who were for always going small and sure! You to make heads and tails of your money in this way! It's that stockbroker's dog at Flam Cottage—he's bitten you, I'm sure of it. You're not fit to manage your own property now; and I should be acting the part of a good wife, if I were to call in the mad-doctors.

"Well, I shall never know rest any more now. There won't be a soul knock at the door after this, that I shan't think it's the man coming to take possession. I'll be something for the Chalkpits to laugh at when we're sold up. I think I see 'em here, bidding for all our little articles of bigotry and virtue, and—what are you laughing at? They're not bigotry and virtue; but bijouterie and virtue! It's all the same; only you're never so happy as when you're aking me up.

"If I can tell what's come to the world, I'm a sinner! Everybody's for turning their farthings into double sovereigns and cheating their neighbours of the balance. And you, too—you're beside yourself, Caudle,—I'm sure of it. I've watched you when you thought me fast asleep. And then you've lain, and whispered and whispered, and then hugged yourself, and laughed at the bed-posts, as if you'd seen 'em turned to sovereign gold. I do believe that you sometimes think the patch-work quilt is made of thousand pound bank-notes.

"Well, when we're brought to the Union, then you'll find out your mistake. But it will be a poor satisfaction for me every night to tell you of it. What, Mr. Caudle! They won't let me tell you of it? And you call that 'some comfort'! And after the wife I've been to you! But now I recollect. I think I've heard you praise that Union before; though, like a fond fool as I've always been, I never once suspected the reason of it.

"And now, of course, day and night you'll never be at home! No, you'll live and sleep at Eel Pie Island! I shall be left alone with nothing but my thoughts, thinking when the broker will come, and you'll be with your brother directors. I may slave and I may toil to save sixpences; and you'll be throwing away hundreds. And then the expensive tastes you've got! Nothing good enough for you now. I'm sure you sometimes think yourself King Solomon. But that comes of making money—if, indeed you have made any—without earning it. No: I don't talk nonsense: people can make money without earning it. And when they do, why it's like taking a lot of spirits at one draught; it gets into their head, and they don't know what they're about. And you in that state now, Mr. Caudle; I'm sure of it, by the way of you. There's a drunkenness of the pocket as well as of the stomach,—and you're in that condition at this very moment.

"Not that I should so much mind—that is, if you have made money—if you'd stop at the Eel pie line. But I know what these things are: they're like treacle to flies: when men are well in 'em, they can't get out of 'em; or if they do, it's often without a feather to fly with. No: if you've really made money by the Eel-Pie line, and will give it to me to take care of for the dear



children, why, perhaps, love, I'll say no more of the matter. What! *Non sense?* Yes of course: I never ask you for money, but that's the word.

"And now, catch you stopping at the Eel-Pie line! Oh no, I know your aggravating spirit. In a day or two I shall see another fine flourish in the paper, with a proposal for a branch from Eel-Pie Island to the Chelsea Bun house. Give you a mile of rail, and—I know you men,—you'll take a hundred. Well, if you didn't make me quiver to read that stuff in the paper,—and your name to it! But I suppose it was Mr. Prettyman's work: for his precious name is among 'em. How you tell the people 'that eel-pies are now become an essential element of civilization'—I learnt all the words by heart, that I might say 'em to you,—that the Eastern population of London are cut off from the blessings of such a necessary,—and that by means of the projected line eel-pies will be brought home to the business and bosoms of Ratchliffe-highway, and the adjacent dependencies.' Well, when you men—lords of the creation, as you call yourselves—do get together to make up a company, or anything of the sort,—is there any story-book can come up to you? And so you look solemnly in one another's faces, and never so much as moving the corners of your mouths, pick one another's pockets. No: I'm not using hard words, Mr. Caudle—only the words that's proper.

"And this I must say. Whatever you've got, I'm none the better for it. You never give me any of your Eel-Pie shares. What do you say. You *will* give me some? Not—I'll have nothing to do with any wickedness of the kind. If, like any other husband, you choose to throw a heap of money into my lap—what? You'll think of it? When the Eel-Pies go up? Then I know what they're worth—they'll never fetch a farthing."

"She was suddenly silent—writes Caudle—and I was sinking into sleep when she nudged me, and cried, 'Caudle, do you think they'll be up to-morrow?'"

### THE STORY OF ROSA GOVONA.

A little before the middle of the last century, there resided at Mondovì, a city in Italy, a young girl called Rosa Govona. Left an orphan at an early age, she had no other apparent means of earning a livelihood than the use of her needle, in which she showed great skill, combined with the most remarkable industry. Being of a reflecting mind, she took no delight in those pleasures and frivolous amusements which too often engage the female heart. Confiding in the resources of an active and benevolent nature, she wished for no companions save those of misfortune, and for no recompense save the blessing of Heaven.

Whilst Rosa was thus living and labouring by herself, she happened to meet with a young girl who had lost both her parents, and who had no means of supporting herself in an honest manner. No sooner did the good Rosa become acquainted with the sad story of the distressed girl, than she generously stretched forth her hand to help her. "Come and live with me," she said; "you shall share my bed, and drink out of my cup, and, above all, you shall live honestly by the work of your hands." When she had thus made a commencement, others joined her, and she soon congregated round her a society of young girls, all equally poor, and, by the most assiduous application, procured the necessities of life for them all.

But the little house in which the young girls dwelt soon attracted the attention of all the dissolute young men of the place, who were for ever seeking after adventures of some kind or other. They began by following them whenever they left the house; but the young women silently repulsed all their importunities, and even forced them, after some time, to blush at their conduct. The house incurred, also, the displeasure of those old people, who, considering all innovations (whether of a beneficial character or not) as dangerous, wish for ever to abide by the old forms and regulations which governed the actions of their ancestors. They could not divest themselves of a mean suspicion that all was not right, and many of the citizens observed Rosa with much curiosity, and began to whisper all manner of things to her prejudice. Thus this retreat of industry and virtue became the object of the most malignant calumnies, and the good Rosa saw herself the subject of impertinent inquiries, of rumours the most vexatious, of suspicions the most unjust. But the wise and courageous girl, fully assured in the purity of her actions and intentions, opposed perseverance to indiscretion, and sense to calumny. The truth could not remain long doubtful; Rosa soon gained the applause of the virtuous, and the commune granted her a larger house, in the plain of Carrasone, as the number of her companions increased daily. This augmented the jealousy of her enemies, who had been hitherto unsuccessful in their endeavours to injure her character; but these new obstacles served only to redouble the ardour of Rosa, and to raise her courage. There were now about seventy young women in the house, all of whom worked in common with herself to procure an honest livelihood. As the house they inhabited was scarcely large enough to accommodate the number of workwomen, she solicited the commune to grant her another still larger habitation. The municipal body, to show their sense of her exertions in the cause of virtue, voluntarily made her a gift of a very large and commodious dwelling in the valley of Brao: here she established a workshop and the manufacture of woollen articles.

The excellent Rosa, who was now about thirty-nine years of age, had at this period, by her indomitable perseverance, triumphed over all obstacles; and by her exertions in extending the association, and her wisdom in superintending the affairs of the community, created an asylum for poor and indigent females. The more she considered the utility of her institution, the greater became her desire to extend the benefits which such an asylum presented. "How many poor and destitute beings," thought she, "must there be in a large and populous city, who are deprived of all means of procuring an honest livelihood." Filled with this idea, and relying entirely on the sanctity of her mission, she proceeded to Turin in the year 1755. Arrived in the capital of Sardinia, she asked the use of a building suitable for the carrying out of her intentions, and obtained from the priests of the Oratory of St. Philip several capacious rooms. Some chairs, tables, and different articles of furniture, were also provided for her use by the good priests. She received the little they gave her with the greatest delight; and thus established, with some of her companions, in the capital city of the kingdom, she resolutely set about prosecuting the objects of her mission.

The novelty of the idea soon engaged the attention of the citizens: they saw, and, what is more astonishing still, they applauded her design; and her shop, or rather factory, soon became the talk of the whole city. At this period, Charles Emanuel III., having established on a firm footing the independence of his people, gave himself up entirely to the paternal administration of the country. As a protector of labour, he accorded to the pious Rosa some houses which had formerly belonged to a religious establishment. Rosa installed herself there, increased the number of her companions, and greatly extended the branches of labour to which they applied themselves.

Two years after this, by order of the same prince, the manufactures carried on by Rosa were properly organised, and registered by the magistrates of commerce; and regulations were drawn up for the government of the institution, which now received the name of Rosines (from that of the foundress), and above the principal entrance was inscribed the following words, addressed by Rosa to her first companions—"You shall live honestly by the work of your hands."

The prosperous condition of her institution filled the heart of the pious foundress with joy, but she could not divest herself of a desire to extend its blessings still further. She had left an establishment at Mondovì, and she wished now to form similar ones at other populous places. With this end in view, she visited several provinces of the kingdom, called around her all the young women who were desirous of finding a decent means of subsistence, and founded asylums at Novare, Fossano, Savigliano, Saluces, Chieri, and St. Damiano d'Asti, all of them towns of considerable note and population. These were provided with the necessary materials for work, and every other want was generously supplied by the excellent Rosa.

She lived twenty-two years after quitting her native city, during all of which period she was engaged in work, labouring unceasingly for the establishment of her eight institutions, and providing asylums for the sustenance both of the bodies and souls of the unfortunate of her sex. On the 28th February 1776, this excellent woman expired, in the midst of her sorrowing pupils, being quite worn out, not with age, but fatigues. Her memory was held in the greatest veneration, as well by those, many of whom she had rescued from misery and idleness, if not from the depths of sin and shame, and rendered good and useful members of society, as by all classes of the Sardinian subjects who had experienced the benefits arising from her exertions, and who knew how to applaud, and take example from the virtue of a simple maiden, who, from the lowest condition of poverty, had raised, by her wisdom and virtue, a monument in the hearts of all well disposed and charitable persons.

In the establishment of Rosines are received all indigent young girls, of from thirteen to twenty years of age, who have no means of subsistence, but who are qualified for manual labour. "You shall live honestly by the work of your hands"—such is the fundamental rule and the base of the establishments of Rosines, which rule is never perverted. All the means of subsistence are derived from the labour of the young girls; and the resources for the support of the aged and infirm members are procured from the work of their more youthful companions. The establishment at Turin is a centre of manufactures, and so are the other affiliated houses, all of which flourish at the present time, with the exception of that at Novare, which was closed when that city became part of the kingdom of Italy, and which has never been re-opened since. To avoid all interference with the manufacturers elsewhere, Rosa ordained that all connected with the different establishments should be at the charge of each, and that all should correspond with the principal institution at Turin, which should exercise a surveillance over the others, and be considered as the centre of their operations.

The arts and manufactures carried on by the Rosines are as varied as the taste of woman can make them. After receiving the raw material, the whole operations from first to last are carried on by them. Take, for example, all silken articles. The cocoons of the silk-worm are purchased at the proper season; these are divided by the hands of the Rosines, and the silk is then spun, and undergoes every other preparation necessary, before it is delivered into the hands of the weavers. The most beautiful stuffs, gros de Naples, levantines, satins, &c., are thus fabricated, and more particularly ribbons, for the manufacture of which there are more than twenty looms. These ribbons are of excellent quality, and really beautiful. Those silken stuffs, the fabrication of which requires a frequent change of machine, are never made by the Rosines, as in other manufactories, because in that case, and in every change of fashion, they would be obliged to introduce people from without into the house. But all that is really convenient and useful may be found in their warehouses at almost any time. Linen is also fabricated in these institutions, particularly table-cloths; but this species of work is very laborious to young women, and consequently there are not many employed in it. A large number are likewise occupied in the manufacture of cotton articles: the raw material being purchased by the Rosines, it is then transformed into all kinds of goods. The woollen factory is at Chieri, because at Turin it would interfere greatly with the silk trade. This establishment is complete in all its arrangements, the wool being here scoured, carded, spun, and woven entirely by the Rosines, who fabricate cloths of every quality from it.

As may be supposed, there are many industrious Rosines employed in the article of embroidery. In fact, in this particular branch the Rosines have acquired as much perfection as can possibly be obtained by the industry of women. A new species of manufacture has lately been introduced into the establishments, namely, that of gold thread for the fabrication of lace: this is a most beautiful article, and particularly adapted for church ornaments. All the habiliments of the clergy are made in these institutions.

Our readers will no doubt be curious to know by what means the young women contrive to dispose of their various goods, in order to cover the outlay, and to gain a profit on the raw material. This is managed in the following simple manner:—Each establishment acts, as we have said, as a centre of manufacture—as a great commercial dépôt; and each of them has a magazine or shop attached to it, in which the handiwork of the Rosines is sold by persons in the employment of the institution.

All the cloths necessary for the army are purchased by the government from the warehouses of the Rosines. They not only fabricate the cloth itself, but also every other article of ornamental attire, and skilful tailors are employed by them to cut out the different coat pieces, which are then perfected by the Rosines, and delivered to the government all ready to be put on by the soldiers. Besides this, the inhabitants of Turin, and even the tradesmen themselves, are glad to make their purchases at the institution, because here they are sure to get everything good and cheap.

In this manner, then, the institutions are never in want of employment, and a considerable profit is generally left after deducting all the expenses of the different establishments. That at Turin alone brings in a sum of £3,333 6s. 8d. per annum; it contains three hundred females, amongst whom there are about fifty aged or infirm inmates, who in consequence are chargeable to the community. "I visited this remarkable institution," says Signor Sacchi, "thanks to the kindness of a worthy ecclesiastic who presided over its administration. He accompanied me round the different apartments, which contained many young females animated by the holy ardour of labour. With an air of quiet content, the girls were engaged in their several tasks, all apparently animated with an anxiety like that which a mother displays when labouring with her children for their common subsistence. Six mistresses and a matron preside over the different workrooms, and the institution is frequently visited by



one of the ladies of honour to the queen (of Sardinia), bearing the commands of her majesty, who gives her special protection to the industrious girls.

"Such is this asylum, truly admirable in all its details, founded by the exertions of a poor woman; so true is it that Providence frequently, from the smallest origin, produces the greatest results. The story of Rosa Govona serves to prove in what way, without saddling any expense upon the citizens, and without donations or legacies, so vast a scheme of labour may be brought to a successful termination. In a little chapel adjoining the work-rooms, I read the following monumental inscription:—Here repose the remains of Rosa Govona de Mondovi, who from her youth consecrated herself to God, for whose glory she founded in her country, in this city, and divers others, retreats for unfortunate young females, in order to lead them to serve God, and gave them excellent rules, to attach them to piety and labour. During her administration of more than thirty years, she gave constant proofs of an admirable charity and an indomitable perseverance. She passed to the life eternal the 28th day of February, in the year 1776, and of her age the 60th. The children recognise in her their mother and benefactress, and consecrate this monument to her memory."

"Humble words these, when one considers the good which has been done, and the benefits which these institutions still continue to confer upon the country, and for which Rosa merits the highest possible eulogiums. I was deeply affected, especially when I considered that the good Rosa Govona had as yet received no place amongst the list of the benefactors of the human race." May this little paper make her known as she deserves to be.

### THE OPAL SET.

Everybody who was anybody in the year 1814, will easily remember what a flood-tide of dissipation and delight rushed in upon us with the news of the Capitulation of Paris, and the expected visit of the Allied Sovereigns. England, that had battled to the last with the stern energy of a bull-dog, was now disposed to feak and gambol with the wanton liveliness of a pet puppy. The whole nation, oblivious of enormous taxes and war prices, was agog for a kind of national merry making, and grouped round an ideal transparency representing Britannia tossing away her trident and dancing, hands-four-round, with Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

As might be expected, the military were made a special object of popular enthusiasm. Real bronzed heroes who had "been through the Peninsula" were difficult to catch, and received more invitations to dances and soirees than by any possibility they had time to answer. *En attendant*, many a beardless ensign who had been at Waterloo, and taken his small share of that "day of enormous mistakes," became elevated into a sort of authority upon military matters, and was listened to deferentially while he explained the peculiarities of the Duke's position, and traced upon the table, with his finger dipped in claret, the exact spot where Grouchy debouched, or where the Imperial Guard made their last stand, and were supposed to have uttered that immortal apothegm now happily classed among the myths of apocryphal history.

It was, however, for foreigners that the highest distinctions were reserved; upon foreigners were lavished the envy of the male sex, and the admiring glances of the fair. Then, as now, and probably ever since the days of the Norman invasion, the stranger received the lion's share of popular attention and regard. We have here no space to bestow beyond that of a passing remark upon the phenomenon that, with all our vaunted nationality, and John Bullishness, and such like undoubted characteristics, we always run madly after every semblance, shade, and shadow of "a foreigner," who may condescend to drink our wine, ride our horses, flirt with our daughters, and show us up in three volumes at the end of the season. Such is the fact. Let others philosophize upon it; we are content to blush over it, and to continue our narrative.

Among all the countless swarm that at this precise period alighted upon our coasts, none,—no, not a Baron, nor a Prince,—could compare with Count Alexis Obrenow, Cuirassier of the Imperial Guard, Knight Grand Cordon of the order of the Black Eagle, and last, but by no means least, C. d. s. m. I. l' E. d. t. l. R. These cabalistic signs, which might be discovered by the curious among the elaborate tracery of the Count's visiting cards, imported that he held the rank of Chamberlain to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. If, in addition to these extrinsic qualifications, we add that the person of this distinguished Russian was unexceptionably ferocious, and that whether judging from his hair, his head was placed above or below his chin, was a matter (among the ladies) of delicious doubt and uncertainty, we have said enough to account for his elevation to the topmost round of that giddy ladder which is supported by the fickle hand of Fashion.

Let us be just to Count Alexis Obrenow. If not exactly talented in its better sense, assuredly he possessed to an astonishing degree the talent of society—the small currency of saloons and clubs. He could dance a minuet gracefully, could sing a *chanson* admirably, had the art of anecdote in perfection, and above all these minor gifts, the Count could assume a certain vein of dangerous sentimentality dashed by a sombre tone which rather inferred than alluded to a mystery whose depths had never yet been fathomed, though they possibly might be by those tender blue eyes which at the moment dissolved between pity and curiosity, as they gazed upon the sorrowful cheek of the handsome Cuirassier.

Thus gifted, thus doubly armed by the aspect of what he was, and the thought of what he might be, was it wonderful that the success of the Imperial Chamberlain was the theme of every tongue in London?

Just at this time, indeed, if London gossip was to be credited, the coping-stone of the Count's good fortune was about to be laid, by his intended marriage with the Lady Anne Callington, sole child and heiress of the wealthy Earl Durston, or De Urston, as it pleased the Earl to pronounce his very ancient family name. By what arts the Count had won the haughty peer's consent to this match, is to this day, among certain circles, a matter of marvel; for the head of the De Urstons, so far from sharing his countrymen's predilection for foreigners, held them all in undisguised and indiscriminate contempt, remarking that the last real Counts were the Foresters, or Counts of the Low Countries, and they became extinct when Philip of Burgundy placed himself at the head of the Seventeen Provinces. By what arts Count Alexis obtained the consent of the Lady Anne has never, we believe, been made the subject of marvel in any society whatsoever.

It was towards midnight when a ball given at De Urston House attained its height of superb festivity. Country-dance, and cotillon, and the newly-imported French country-dance, or quadrille, had been executed to repletion, when a few select couples stood up to exhibit, in a stately minuet, the perfection of dignity and ease so essential to this courtly measure. Most conspicuous in the group were Lady Anne and Count Alexis, and a murmur of applause forced itself on the ear as the distinguished foreigner alternately advanced and retired

according to the exigencies of the figure. So absorbed, indeed, was the general attention, that the entrance of a considerable accession of guests, which would otherwise hardly have escaped remark, passed unnoticed. They consisted of a tall and very handsome man in the prime of life, apparently attended by five or six officers of high rank, and one or two civilians. Some announcement was about to take place when the chief personage of the party imposed silence by a sudden and somewhat haughty gesture, and, taking his station as a spectator of the dance, quietly surveyed the circle which surrounded the performers, while his attendants, at a slight distance, conversed among themselves.

The moment was decisive of that crisis in the dance where the slow and stately minuet blends, after a short introduction, with the livelier gavotte. The music had preluded a few quick bars, and the dancers stood motionless, but ready at the proper time to spring forward into graceful action. Count Alexis drew himself up and prepared to eclipse his competitors, when his eye, wandering triumphantly round the circle, fell on the cold stern glance of the new-comer. We will not borrow a hackneyed phrase to express a situation always interesting, but sufficiently well known, when the eye suddenly and unexpectedly lights upon an object of dread, supposed to be far distant. Certainly, had the sickness pretended by Count Obrenow been real, it could not more effectually have blanched his cheek, and unnerved his frame. The music challenged him in vain. Without an effort to rally, at the very height of his exaltation, he staggered rather than withdrew from the circle, muttering some incoherent excuse, and leaving Lady Anne almost more mortified at the ridicule of her position than alarmed at the illness of her lover. But the crowd which opened for a moment to let them pass in opposite directions, as instantly closed up, and almost as easily forgot the incident under the exhilarating excitement of the dance which succeeded. Type of life! The greatest private calamity is as a stone in the whirlpool; a bubble on the surface its memorial, and then no trace of its descent.

From whatever motive, Lady Anne, on quitting the dance, did not seek the cause of her lover's indisposition. Without pausing to inquire of the bystanders, she threaded her way through the crowd to a distant room where the Earl was enjoying his eleventh rubber with two Cabinet Ministers and the Russian Ambassador. Silently seating herself on an ottoman in an obscure corner, the wayward beauty found a strange amusement in the utter neglect to which she was self-condemned, and in the contrast her will could bring about between the light and glare and noise of the ball-rooms, and the monotonous hum which pervaded an apartment only lighted by the wax-lights on the whist-table.

Meanwhile Alexis had mechanically sunk into the first vacant seat, where, covering his face with his hands, he cowered rather than sat, endeavouring to collect his wandering senses. Like all men similarly circumstanced, with the first recurring pulse of self-constraint, he was inclined to look upon the late incident as a delusion. Scarcely had he time to encourage this thought, when a low but singularly deep voice—the voice of some one seated at his side—inquired if "the Count Obrenow had recovered from his sudden attack of the nerves?"

The person who made this inquiry, though sitting on a level with the Count, was obliged to stoop considerably in order to place his mouth close to the ear of the latter. His singular height was not, however, by any means his only personal distinction. His form was well proportioned, his features were regular though severe, his complexion, clear rather than pale, indicated an Asiatic origin; but that which riveted attention, and stamped the whole man with the impress of power, was the full, stern, penetrating eye which never glanced at an object, but looked it through and through. There were none who had not quailed under that fixed regard, even when there were no secrets to excite apprehension. The most innocent under its withering influence would as little have resisted it as they would have banded looks with a tiger preparing for a spring.

Apparently the Count Obrenow entertained no such intention, for, without raising his eyes, and abandoning the attempt to recover his self-possession, he faltered out,

"It is in vain your Imp—"

"Hush!" interrupted his companion. "Recollect yourself; I am the Count Semowski—"

"The Count Se—"

"Exactly so: but I little thought of meeting you here, still less of hearing of the alliance, I understand, you contemplate. That can hardly take place."

"Not if your Imp—that is, if the Count Semowski forbids it."

"Count, I have other views for you—at least for the present; there is much to be settled between us; frankly, I will tell you at once there is but one condition on which you can remain here; and, by the way, have you heard from your father lately?"

"Count Semowski is aware the Governor of Tobolsk has strict orders to intercept my father's correspondence."

"Of course—of course; yet there are means, I have heard. Money will do much even in Siberia, and your father was certainly rich. *A propos*, Count, I congratulate you on the figure you are making here; your title, too, is well chosen, but *now* I fear you must drop the Chamberlainship. And this match—pray what sort of a person is Earl De Urston, and how came he to accept your pretensions?"

"If it please your—that is, the Count Semowski must understand the Earl, who hates all foreigners, is persuaded I am a lineal descendant of some Irish chieftain, called O'Bryan or O'Brienne, or something of the sort, and—his daughter, the Lady Anne—"

"Is persuaded you are all you choose to affirm yourself, of course. Ah! this is an excellent romance, and I am sorry to be obliged to interfere. Yet, perhaps," here the Count Semowski mused an instant; then suddenly turning his eyes full on his companion, he added, "by the way, you know the Jew Lazarus; Count, you must introduce me."

The gallant Alexis who had lately recovered a portion of his usual audacity, at the mention of this name, and the significant manner in which it was made, relapsed into his former servility, and mechanically answered, "Yes your—the Count Semowski is right. I have seen the Jew Lazarus. I know him—a little—"

"Then I was right; and, probably, am not wrong in supposing you know him more than a little. Count, I repeat you must introduce me, and then I will relieve you of a discreditable acquaintance. Harkye, sir," added the Count Semowski rising, but speaking in a low, stern voice, "to-morrow at noon expect me, and we will visit M. Lazarus together. Do not stir out till I come, and cherish no foolish hope of escaping me. A person of your consequence must expect, at least for the present, some surveillance. *Ad revoir* Count Alexis Obrenow."



At this moment the gavotte ceased; the circle broke up into a crowd that filled the rooms with conflicting tides, but high and conspicuous above Dukes, and Generals, and Ministers, the noble form of the Count Semowski might be seen advancing towards the boudoir where still sat the Lady Anne, her eyes closed, apparently in sleep, but ever and anon betraying by a pettish movement of the beautiful foot, that the mind was active, and the thoughts were uneasy.

The next morning the following paragraph appeared among the "Fashionable Intelligence" of the *Morning Post*.

"Considerable sensation was excited last night among the brilliant circle assembled at De Urston House, by the intelligence transpiring of the sudden arrival in London of a very exalted Foreign Personage. It was even rumoured that the individual in question honoured the noble Earl with his presence *in cognito*, and was observed to pay marked attention to his fascinating daughter. When we further state that the individual alluded to held a long and animated conversation with the newly-arrived Russian Minister, and was seen playfully to address the Count Alexis Obrenow (the intended son-in-law of the noble Earl) our readers will appreciate the delicacy which imposes upon us a certain reserve upon this subject."

We trust that we shall be acquitted of any considerable failure in the matter of "delicacy" if we precede the "individual alluded to" on the morning succeeding the ball at De Urston House, to No. 15, Chesterfield Street, May Fair, the first floor of which very pleasant abode was tenanted by our friend the Count Alexis.

It was nearly midday of a sultry July morning, and the blinds, carefully closed while they excluded the sickening glare of the sun, shut out also any breath of air that might have been tempted to wander among the exquisite exotics which bloomed in a small conservatory attached to the back drawing-room. Every object betokened the utmost luxury, and not a little taste; while the profusion of mirrors and porcelain clocks betokened the semi-Asiatic fancy for display so common among wealthy Russians. The Count, negligently reclining on an ottoman, was no bad representative of the class.

Under a desperate attempt at a careless and easy demeanour, however, it was not difficult to note some hidden dread entirely subduing the usually gay Alexis. His eye wandered rapidly round the pictures and busts, the mirrors and *bijouterie*, that adorned his room; especially from time to time he listened almost gasping, to the rolling of carriages, rare at that early hour, and more than once started from his seat as a knock at some neighbouring door resounded through the house. Like all persons under strong mental excitement, his clenched hands and up-turned glance seemed the accompanying action to some muttered fragments of a speech, so disjointed and incomplete as to convey no information to a bystander. Soliloquies are very rare off the stage, and require a master's touch to be tolerable even there.

Scarcely had the hands of the numerous timepieces in the room passed the hour of midday, when a gentle, unassuming knock at the street door announced a visitor. A few words were heard to be exchanged between the valet of the Count and the stranger, and then the latter with measured step ascended the stairs and entered the apartment where Count Alexis in nervous anxiety awaited him. It was the Count Semowski, who bowed slightly and somewhat disdainfully to the young Russian then deliberately seating himself with his back to the light, so as to face Alexis, he paid him the compliments of the morning in a tone which plainly showed he felt secure or careless of his reception.

"I—I expected you, sire—" gasped out Obrenow.

"And I am punctual," replied the mysterious visitor. "Last night I told you we would visit the Jew Lazarus together. I also hinted that on certain conditions I might be tempted to let you play out the comedy you have sketched out here; though, as a man of honour, Count," (this was spoken with marked irony), "you will hardly pursue it further. You know, of course, why I wish to make the acquaintance of M. Lazarus, and your penetration will doubtless furnish you with the conditions I allude to."

The Count Obrenow bowed his head, but he did not speak.

"By the way," continued Semowski, "your intended, the Lady Anne, is a fine girl,—a very fine girl for an Englishwoman, and well dressed. She has good taste in jewels, I remarked. What very fine diamonds she wore last night round that magnificent opal! You did not observe them? Opals, I think, are not common in England?"

"I do not know, Sire: that is, I believe not."

"That opal strangely reminds me of a set I once saw at St. Petersburg. I think: there were just twenty-one, all of equal size and value, and (odd enough) about the size and value of the one I saw last night. Am I right, Count?"

This question was abruptly put, and the dreaded eyes were fixed with steady glare upon the pale and cowering Alexis.

For a minute there was no answer, though the lips of Obrenow appeared to move. At length a very faint "Yes" was heard, as if that monosyllable was the result of some painful efforts at articulation.

"Yes—I thought so: I was sure it was so: and the remainder?"

At this moment the door was flung open and M. Lazarus was announced by the servant. So slight had been the knock of the new comer, and so absorbed were the faculties of Alexis that the sound had passed unheeded. The Count Semowski smiled with the air of a man who expected the announcement; then drawing himself up to his full height he confronted M. Lazarus, who started at finding Alexis was not alone, and made a movement to the door.

"Not so, sir," said Count Semowski; "I have first a few words with you. Let me begin with thanking you for attending my summons."

"Your summons, Sire!" said M. Lazarus. "I thought it was the Count here who sent for me. I was not aware your Majesty was in London."

"My Majesty is not yet in London—there you are right. My Majesty will not appear in London, thanks to the Prince Regent's indisposition, for the next twenty-four hours. Meanwhile I have time to attend to my private affairs. You are speaking to the Count Semowski, you will observe, sir; it will save some form, and therefore time, which presses. Suppose, now, M. Lazarus, it had been the Count here who sent for you instead of myself; be so good as to transact your business in my presence,—in fact, as if I was not here. I know why you supposed the Count sent for you—Do I not, Count? I know all, do I not?"

Alexis had no need to speak. His friend read in his whole appearance how far the Count Semowski was in his confidence.

"If that be the case, Sire," said the Jew, (who, after his first surprise, manifested far less emotion than his companion,) "my bargain is naught, I suppose; but let me say for myself, that my whole object in interfering in the business was to restore these jewels, and so, perhaps, obtain some little favour in the sight of your Majesty—I should say from your Countship—for my unhappy relatives who got into trouble last year."

"I remember,—they cheated a rich young Englishman out of the price of

an estate in the Chersonese, and gave him title deeds to an imaginary property. They are in the mines of Podolia, M. Lazarus."

"It was a mistake—all a mistake, your High—your Countship. My relatives were willing to return the money paid, when there arose a question about the property."

"You mean, sirrah, when the officers of justice had hold of them. Just as much would you have restored a single stone on their account. *A propos*, speaking of restitution, to which of you two am I to look in this matter. Settle it between you; I will not unnecessarily hurry you; but General Palikoff with a friend or two is below, and possibly their time may be valuable."

These few last words, uttered with the greatest nonchalance, had a singular effect upon Obrenow and Lazarus. It may be sufficient here to mention, that General Palikoff was the usual agent employed by the "illustrious individual" to carry into execution sentences of more than usual rigour. He always attended his master, and was possessed (it was supposed) of the most extensive information relating to every noble family in Russia.

"General Palikoff!" exclaimed Lazarus; "General Palikoff!" muttered Alexis; and leaving the room hastily, returned almost immediately with a plain morocco case in his hands, which he placed before the Count Semowski, adding merely the words,

"They are all there but one, Sire."

The personage whom he addressed nodded slightly, placed the case in an inner pocket, then, after a moment's consideration, said with emphasis,

"The set must be completed. Not, you will understand me, sir, that the value of the gewgaws weighs with me, or that I grudge the lady her ornament. But there might be some scandal hereafter. The missing one must be replaced by to-morrow at this hour, and I will spare General Palikoff a journey in your society to Siberia. As to your match, I shall not meddle in that, though I counsel you to break it off."

"And my father, Sire?" imploringly uttered the young man.

"Your father, sir, as court jeweller, ought to have kept a better watch over the imperial jewels entrusted to his care. Nevertheless, when I return I will consider his sentence.—M. Lazarus—"

The Jew started, and at first endeavoured to assume the effrontery natural to his character. When, however, his eye being gradually raised met the searching gaze of Count Semowski, his show of courage deserted him, and he stood like a criminal who after trial awaits his sentence.

"M. Lazarus," said the calm voice of the Count, "I have prevented here a great misfortune to you. It would have been hard to have lost your money as well as your character,—I mean, of course, with the world. Palikoff has had his eye on you for some time; in fact, he knew you intimately in my father's lifetime, when you did business in St. Petersburg. From him I have long learnt to appreciate you as you deserve. You will be pleased not to return to my capital; your property there is confiscated, and Palikoff will not lose sight of such of your relatives as I have still the honour to number among my subjects. You think your sentence hard compared with the apparent leniency I show to your associate. You are mistaken, sir. Look at that young man, and recognize your error. Tempted, he yielded, and fled to avoid the consequences of his crime. It was supposed he was in America. Even Palikoff thought so. His father in Siberia, meanwhile, paid part of his penalty. In Russia his family is ruined, disgraced, annihilated. Here he was about to achieve a new position; more than that, he loves his intended bride. My unexpected arrival, and some revelations made by Palikoff at Paris, altered all this. There he stands—a detected felon, bound even, not more for his life's sake than for the sake of appearances, which may yet be saved here, to rob his intended wife. Judge if he can think of pursuing his scheme. Judge if the life and liberty I leave him are boons. You, M. Lazarus, will easily console yourself for our cold climate and the rigorous laws of the country. Your money, if you have advanced any, you will shortly replace; your relations must look to themselves. I repeat, your sentence is incomparably the most lenient, and on reflection you will confess as much. Farewell to you both!—we shall not meet again. You, sir, will be as good as to send the missing opal to my hotel by twelve to-morrow morning. I would spare you the torture of another meeting."

The Count Semowski leisurely replaced his hat on head, as he finished speaking, and with a slight inclination, slowly left the room, and the house. The General and some other officers followed him, but at such a distance as not to render their attendance remarkable.

"And now, Count,—for I would not advise you to drop the title," said the philosophic M. Lazarus, when alone with Alexis, "we are checkmated, and so far as this game is concerned, have nothing to do but to close the board. Might I ask what are your plans for the future? You will appreciate my delicacy in not touching on the past, though—"

"Though I owe you fifty thousand roubles, sir. Is it not so?"

"Let me see—yes, that is somewhere about the sum, Count, between us, lent you on these baubles, which to-day were to have passed entirely into my hands, but for this unforeseen little accident."

"They were, sir. You wish, of course, to know how I am now to repay you the large sum you mention. Will you do me the favour to pass this way at this hour precisely to-morrow, and we will clear scores?"

"Count, you are a young man of extraordinary good sense. At one o'clock to-morrow—exactly so. Till then, Count, I have the honour to wish you a good morning. I see it rains: I will take the liberty of borrowing an umbrella from your servant. *Au revoir*."

Count Alexis was alone, if he can be said to be alone in whose busy brain a thousand conflicting ideas confound all steady thought, and overthrow every definite feeling, save only that of rigid despair. In twenty-four hours, it seemed, an age of misery and disgrace was to be lived through; and, then—but that was beyond even a passing thought—the future must provide for itself—at present, action, horrible as it was. The opal must be recovered. Count Alexis dressed himself with unusual care, and was about to order his carriage, when a note was put into his hands. It was from Earl De Urston, in the following words:—

"MY DEAR COUNT,

"The new Russian Ambassador dines with me to-day, and is anxious to make your acquaintance, as he says he remembers your brave father, the late general. I shall expect you at half past seven, punctual.

Yours faithfully,

DE URSTON"

"Tell the servant I will bring an answer to his master," said Count Obrenow to his valet. "I shall be at De Urston House as soon as himself."

The Count was as good as his word; within twenty minutes his cabriolet dashed into the court-yard of the Lord De Urston's hotel.

"First," muttered he, "for my bride.—Is the Lady Anne within?"



"She is, sir, and will see you."

"So! one more interview, and the last. It shall be brief."

Lady Anne was reading when her lover entered the room; but at the sound of his approaching step she looked up, and offered her hand with a smile.

"Alexis, forgive me: last night I was pettish, absurd. I hate to be made the heroine of a scene; but I have been punished enough by my fears that you were really ill. You do not look well, but you smile; so I suppose I am forgiven."

"Ah, Lady Anne! it is for me to ask pardon,—not for my sudden faintness, but for not having warned you I was subject to a feeling of giddiness, a kind of confusion in my head, owing, I have heard, to some hereditary predisposition to attacks of this nature. If the papers say true, though, you did not pass so very lonely an evening."

"That reminds me of a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with some agreeable foreigner, a countryman of yours, introduced by papa as the Count Semowski. But what have the papers to say to it? I never see them. Papa says they are not fit for me to read."

"Never mind—nothing. A *propos* of my countrymen—do you know the Earl has asked me to dine here to day, to meet our minister; and conceive my vexation, I am engaged to your minister,—I mean Lord Liverpool,—and they say that is like a royal command. But you will be at the opera afterwards, and directly I can get away."

"Thank you," said the haughty beauty; "pray don't hurry yourself. I dare say I shall do very well. Count Semowski said he was very fond of our opera; and there is Lord Eaglestone, just returned from Paris, quite mad on music."

"Lady Anne, you are hasty,—now, as you were last night."

"I am, Alexis, and unjust too. There is my very, very ill you look! I really ought not to tease you. Come, what shall I grant you in return for my bad conduct?"

"One slight favour, dearest Lady Anne. Deign to wear to-night the same ornaments you wore last night,—I mean particularly one slight trifle I was permitted to present you."

"The opal set in diamonds. How fond you Russians are of opals! Well, that is not much of a favour, and I will grant it. And now go to papa with your excuses; for I know he is going down to the House early to oppose a turnpike bill, or something,—or vote for the Catholics, or against them, I do not know,—but whatever it is people do in their Lordships' House. Adieu, Alexis! Recover your looks—don't be late, and—there, that will do. I promise to be a good girl to-night."

Five or six minutes sufficed to acquaint the Earl of De Urston that it was impossible his intended son-in-law could have the honour of meeting his distinguished countryman.

"Well," said his lordship, "of course you can't, if you dine with the Premier. Charming man Baron Podziwil—great friend of your father's—thinks he remembers you. You think not, eh? Can I set you down? Good morning, then. Lady Anne will expect you at our box to-night."

And to these amiable nothings, and others like them, from his friends of the *beau monde*, was the miserable young man compelled to listen, till the dinner-hour of his "world" arrived, when he retired to his lodgings not to dress for the Earl of Liverpool's (where he was not invited,) but to arrange his plans,—to regulate the concluding scenes of that fearful drama, the life of an adventurer.

Strange as it may seem, the Count Alexis did not make his appearance that night at the opera. The Lady Anne, in spite of the admiration she excited, and the high spirits it was her pleasure to assume, retired early. The night was stormy, and the carriage could nowhere be found; Lord Eaglestone ran one way, and a host of Russians another. Only one cavalier remained in attendance on the beauty: it was the Count Semowski, whose *incognito*, about to expire, scarcely preserved him from the deference due to his real rank. It was a whim of the Lady Anne to be profoundly ignorant of what she had heard whispered at least a dozen times that evening.

"What a beautiful opal is that you are wearing, Lady Anne! I do not think I ever saw so large a stone,—or, at least, only once."

"Do you admire it, Count? It came from your country."

"Ah! I conceive. But I hear the carriage. Palikoff, hold the umbrella, while I assist the Lady Anne. Stupid! you have allowed the wind to blow it inside out—just what I might have expected. Thank you, sir, for extracting us."

This was addressed to some bystander, who volunteered into the rain from under the arcade, and was particularly assiduous in disengaging the unruly umbrella from the hood of the Lady Anne. Having performed this service, he was again lost in the crowd before the carriage containing the De Urstons was whirled out of the Haymarket.

When a sealed packet was put into the hands of the Emperor of Russia the following morning, as he was preparing for an audience with the Prince Regent, that august personage was observed to smile, and General Palikoff distinctly heard him mutter, "By St. Paul! I thought as much. It was a lucky *coup de vent*."

Eleven o'clock—twelve—one—for those three hours Count Alexis had sat at a table in his apartments, resting his head on his hands, without changing his position. And he was not wearied: the mind in him quelled and controlled the body. He could have sat so the livelong day, and not been sensible of the irksomeness of the posture. Precisely at five minutes past one, a knock was heard at the door, and M. Lazarus was announced.

"Ha!" said Alexis at last, "why are you so late?"

"Punctual, my dear Count, as an executioner,—excuse the simile. Your West End clocks are too fast. Everything is too fast at the West End."

"Too fast!" said Alexis with a dull stare: "I find time too slow. But let us not waste it. You are come to clear scores with me. Sit down, if you please: there, opposite me."

The Jew did as he was requested, and took a seat with a show of alacrity. There was something in the manner of the pale young man opposite to him not exactly business like, though his words were unexceptionable. After all, what was manner? It was nothing to M. Lazarus. The (so called) Count might be annoyed at the total ruin of his prospects, or he might have a headache; he might contemplate suicide, or soda-water. What did it signify to M. Lazarus? So he plunged his hand into a very deep pocket and produced an account-book. As he did so, Alexis rose very slowly and locked the door.

"You are right," said the Jew, "to be on the safe side." M. Lazarus thought it best to say this; but, on the whole, he would have been just as pleased to have finished his business without this preliminary.

"There, I believe that is the proper balance-sheet. I drew it out carefully last night," continued the Jew in an easy, cheerful tone, selecting a paper from

the rest. "Now, how do you propose to arrange it? Do you know, I am not given to curiosity; in fact I have no time for it: but, for the life of me, I cannot think how you propose to pay me 49,080 some odd roubles: not 50,000, as you said yesterday."

"Nothing easier," said Alexis; it is so easy that I have prepared here a stamped receipt." He threw it over to M. Lazarus. "Be so good as to sign that."

"Certainly," said the Jew, "when I touch the money."

"Hark you, M. Lazarus! You were here yesterday when *he*, too truly, depicted my condition and prospects. They are, briefly, infamy—death. But the one well managed may conceal the other. Meanwhile, I hold much to dying out of debt. If you sign that paper I shall do so, and you will continue to enjoy life. If you refuse, I shall still do so, but in that case it can only be by our dying together. Here are two pistols;" the Count opened a drawer in the table as he spoke, and produced them. "Vowed to death as I am, desperate as you see me, you cannot doubt that I shall keep my word. Decide. Am I to pull two triggers, or only one?"

"For God's sake, Count!" exclaimed the Jew; "at least don't point them this way. They are hair triggers, and your hand is far from steady. Give me the instandard. There—but, now as a last favour; I have a right to ask one, for you have half ruined me; don't, there's a good, kind Count, don't shoot yourself—till I'm round the corner."

"M. Lazarus, you are right: it might produce a scandal, and my object might be defeated if your name were at all mixed up in this. In return for your receipt I grant your favour. I regret to have been forced to act so harshly towards you; but my father must not be weighed down when he comes back—I had almost said home, but he has no home now—from Siberia, by my extravagance here. Farewell. Try the path of honesty. You say I have half ruined you, and you see what I am. Farewell, Sir."

M. Lazarus was in such a hurry to be gone before the twitching fingers of Alexis should close mechanically on a hair trigger, that his adieux were considerably abridged. His respiration was easier, and his step more assured, when he had cleared the corner of Chesterfield Street, without hearing any report whatever.

Late that afternoon the following note was put into the hands of the Lady Anne:—

"DEAREST LADY ANNE,

"Sudden intelligence of a most distressing family calamity hurries me away without even taking leave of you. I fear a fortnight must elapse before I can return from Hamburg, where I am to meet my brother. All angels guard you! Respects to the Earl. Thine ever,

"ALEXIS."

"When I got to the Opera last night, you were gone."

The fortnight passed, and many a succeeding week, without the return of Alexis to De Urston House—without any news from him. Meanwhile, the cheek of the Lady Anne grew pale, and her eye was vacant but restless. Nothing was ever heard at the West End of Obrenow, and the family was too proud to make public inquiries on the subject. But those who, unlike the Lady Anne, read the morning papers, carelessly glanced over the following paragraph, which appeared just three days after the last visit of M. Lazarus to Chesterfield Street:—

"The inhabitants of Welljohn Street, Poplar, were alarmed last night by the sudden explosion of a pistol, which proved to have been caused by the suicide of a foreigner, apparently a Pole. The person in question had only occupied the lodgings for the two previous days. Nothing was found or elicited to identify the body, which will be buried to-morrow night without a funeral service, the worth Coroner remarking that a clearer case of '*felo-de-se*' never came before him."

Excellent Coroner! was it because "the body was not identified," and "apparently" belonged to some obscure "Pole," that "the clearness of the case" so forcibly struck you?

And you, thoughtless readers, do you think this a melo-dramatic sketch? On our honour it is a page out of that sealed book of all imaginary catastrophes,—Real Life.

### GAMBLING.

"Of all the vices (says Mr. Maxwell) to which erring man is prone, I believe a love of gaming is the only one that is not to be eradicated once the root has struck. The drunkard may be reclaimed—the duellist, shocked by some calamitous occurrence, will occasionally abjure the pistol—but to every suggestion of the heart the gambler is insensible, and for one accursed pursuit every link of common humanity will be snapped asunder. Clime or caste may vary, but the gambler is the same. The Malay stakes his favourite wife upon a quail fight—the Peer beggars his first-born on the Derby—while for a pot-house sweep the shopman robs the till and the child plunders his unsuspecting parent. That every domestic relation is annihilated by a spirit for play has been too frequently and too fatally proved to admit a question—and that it is equally destructive to every moral quality in man has been frequently established. I never knew a gambler who was not a heartless wretch—incapable of friendship—cold to love—a monster all absorbed within himself, and without a single feeling in unison with the best sympathies of our nature. I will give you two instances of what gamblers are—the tales are over true:—In one case the person was my friend—while with the other I was, thank Heaven, but slightly acquainted. B—had taken a high degree in Cambridge; and with the exception of the late Baron Smith, I never met a more elegant scholar or a more polished gentleman. After he had left the university, B—travelled; but, alas, the hour he first set foot in the French metropolis was fatal to him. On the continent he imbibed a taste for play, which, in latter life, became unconquerable. With abundant talent to have taken a high position in any walk of life, through his accursed rage for gaming his career was a succession of wild literary speculations, all sufficiently specious, and all equally unfortunate. He was a disciple, also, of the Godwin school—and he formed an attachment to a lady, whose only fault was, that she was one of those who madly pace themselves above the conventional regulations of society, and hold the opinion of the world at defiance. A long probation in a debtor's jail might have been expected to work a reformation. Here every extreme of misery poor B—had undergone—and when he was at last discharged, he had wearied out every friend, and found himself once more upon the world, burdened with a helpless woman, and without a coat. A rare instance of a tradesman's kindness relieved B— from the latter difficulty. A tailor, whom he had once befriended, heard of his patron's misfortunes, visited him in prison, and begged to present him with a suit of clothes. Poor B—was too deeply humbled to allow him to leave his obscure lodging in the daylight, he fitted in the dusk of the evening to the friendly tailor's, to receive the welcome supply. He was returning to his humble home, where she, the faithful companion



of his misery, was awaiting him, when unfortunately he passed a low gaming house, termed in slang parlance a 'silver hell,' and the infernal spirit for play returning, the impulse was irresistible. He turned into a pawnbroker's, borrowed some money on the new clothes he obtained, entered the den of infamy, and in half an hour came out—a beggar. The wretched man was desperate. His companion was awaiting his return with means to enable him to venture decently abroad, and seek some honest employment. How should he look the wretched girl in the face, and own the damning fact that he was an irreclaimable castaway? At the instant a stranger passed, and B— caught a transient glance of well remembered features. The face was that of an old schoolfellow, a meek and estimable clergyman, 'passing rich,' not on forty, but four hundred pounds a year. B— followed his quondam class fellow to a cheap and unfashionable hotel, and asked for and obtained an interview. At first, the stranger did not recognise in the abject pauper the second wrangler of his year; but the painful remembrance was recalled, and to the tale of B—'s distress a ten-pound note was given, with an ardent squeeze of the hand, and an entreaty to 'Go, and sin no more.' Will it be credited? but on its sad reality I pledge my word—the wretched man returned to the den in which an hour before he had been beggared—staked his ten-pound note—and lost it! Madness followed: he rushed wildly from the hell, and committed suicide from the battlement of the next bridge, recording, in a hurried scrawl to his wretched companion, before he took the fatal leap, the circumstances which had immediately led to self-destruction. *Monomania* is a fashionable doctrine of the day. Was not this wretched man's case decided insanity? I have already told you that gamblers have no hears, and I fancy I shall find little difficulty in establishing the truth of that assertion. Several years ago I was stopping in a city hotel, and one morning was shocked to learn from the waiter, that a young gentleman I had occasionally noticed in the coffee-room had destroyed himself during the preceding night by taking an enormous dose of prussic acid. From my informant I ascertained farther, that the unhappy suicide had committed the dreadful crime in consequence of having been ruined by play; and from his brief and melancholy history another proof was given of the blind infatuation with which a confirmed gambler rushes with reckless haste upon destruction. The unfortunate person had been brought up a tradesman and scarcely a year before had unexpectedly succeeded to ten thousand pounds. He immediately threw up a lucrative business, and became, according to his idea of the term, a gentleman. Sharps at once marked him for a victim, and, as it would appear, never was a dupe more easily ensnared. He was plundered on the turf and cheated at the hazard table; and so effectually did these swindlers pluck him, that within twelve months he had not a feather left. On the preceding evening he had entertained his villainous companions for the last time, and although he had made most deliberate preparations for self-destruction, his spirits appeared even more elevated than usual. When the party broke up he retired to his bedroom, undressed, and swallowed the deadly potion. Of course, death was instantaneous, for he had taken a sufficiency of prussic acid to poison twenty men. An inquest sat upon the body, and his villainous companions were summoned to give evidence before the jury. Dark suspicions had arisen that they were privy to the intended suicide, and it was whispered that they had even procured the drug. Hence they were placed in a private room under charge of a policeman, until the time should come when they would be required to give evidence before the inquest. The coroner directed an officer to bring them forward. He went, unlocked the door, and how were the ruffians employed! The body of their victim lay in an adjacent room—Were these the moral murderers of the dead gambler? heart-smitten at the fate of him whom they had driven to self-destruction! No—the wretches were engaged in play, and squabbling about a misdeal! In military life, play is even more destructive than in any other profession."—*Maxwell's Hints to a Soldier on Service.*

#### AFFABILITY.

It was a happy saying of the half-civilized New Zealander, when apologising for the rather vehement eloquence of his untutored brother, 'that his mouth was great because his heart was warm.' In other words, the savage was of a frank, generous, and open nature. Had he been a sulky, morose barbarian, he would have drawn his cloak up to his chin, and met the white man with frowns instead of words, or slunk away to the forest; a cunning selfish barbarian, only intent on presents of muskets and tobacco, and he would have cringed and touched noses till he had melted the expected donor into liberality; or a treacherous savage, and he would have brought pigs and potatoes, spread the mat, and lighted the fire for the stranger against whom, during sleep, he had determined to raise the tomahawk. But he had a warm heart, and therefore he shook hands, talked, whooped, and danced—shook hands, talked, and whooped again. 'His mouth was great because his heart was warm.' The same attribute obtains among every class of people—enlightened as well as barbarian; only amongst the former it is known by the more familiar and less figurative term—Affability.

Though literally signifying the disposition to talk to, or converse with, affability is totally distinct from garrulity. A garrulous person is ever chattering either from vanity of some fancied acquirement, or for the mere gratification of a gossiping propensity. There is no generosity or nobleness of sentiment in his talk; no reflection or feeling which you can associate with any amiable quality either of head or of heart. In fact, he speaks more the less he thinks, and, like a shallow brook, makes all the greater noise that there is no breadth or volume in the source whence his chattering proceeds. He is an annoyance and hindrance to every one, inundating them with talk, without respect to time, situation, or occasion. He would much rather that he was listened to only by great people; but, failing these, he will stick like a limpet to any one forbearing, or weak enough to grant him an audience. The 'indeed,' 'very good,' and 'ah, really,' which the listener meant as conclusive interjections, the chatterer mistakes for incentives, and so proceeds with increased volubility. Nay, the direct, 'so I have heard,' or 'I don't care for that,' has no power to obstruct the current of his words: he rather glories in a little interference, that he may have the pleasure of placing the matter in what he conceives to be an entirely new light. Be the listeners gay or sad, exulting over success or sorrowing under some severe privation, it is all one to the chatterer; he has no more appreciation of their feelings than if he had been a speaking automaton. Not so with the affable man: he addresses this or that one, because he acts from the impulses of a frank, generous, and brotherly nature. There is an unmistakeable import in his words, however few; nay, his very air and manner would amply interpret his feelings, though his words were altogether wanting. This gift of affability has no special hankerings after the titled or great. Its morning salute or weather remark comes in tones as frank and kindly to the pauper as to the peer, perhaps more so, as considerations arise in connexion with the former to which the feelings of the affable are peculiarly

alive. Open and generous as is this disposition of affability, it knows that the tones of hilarity are as bitterness to the mourner, and that condolence is not for the individual boisterous with joy. The affable man has a head to perceive as well as heart to feel, and thus he knows when, where, and to whom to address his conversation. No one ever wished that he should say one word less, or felt for a moment as if he could have bowed him from his presence.

As affability has nothing in common with garrulity, so it is far removed from officiousness. The officious man elbows himself forward where his presence is often the least desired; and tenders his questionable services in cases where such offers are a positive rudeness and annoyance. In company, conversation is absolutely dragged with his opinions; and he questions with such pertinacity, that one would imagine he had received the commission of confessor-general to society. He is ever obtruding on other people's business, on the plea of tendering assistance; and his advice follows so rapidly, that it would seem all other men were dolts, and he the only one capable of directing them. To be sure officiousness often manifests itself where it cannot possibly have any personal object to serve, and where it is evidently the result of vanity, or of a want of power to discriminate between what is strictly private, and what is the legitimate object of a friendly interest. The affable man is never at fault in this respect. He has a delicate perception of where he shall or shall not present himself; and his generous courtesy often renders him a welcome visitor, under circumstances which would be absolutely exclusive of other individuals. He is frank, because it is his nature to be so, but his generosity teaches him what is due to others; hence he is never found obtruding. Officiousness is an offence, a characteristic of mind, which impinges on others; affability a virtue, which appears chiefly as flowing from its possessor. In the one case we look upon society as the sufferers, in the other we admire the amiable gifts of the individual. The affable man converses freely on subjects which he may approach, maintaining all the while a proper deference for the opinions of others. His sentiments are expressed without any semblance of opinionativeness; and though approaching and approachable in every respect, there is none of that interference and counsel tendering which renders the officious so insufferable.

Again, affability, though implying a frank, courteous, and kindly demeanour, has nothing to do with impertinent familiarity. Proceeding upon the idea, that it is only from members of the same family, and from the most intimate acquaintances, that we are to permit familiarity, there can be nothing so objectionable in ordinary behaviour as this characteristic. Your familiar man is quite as intimate with you on the occasion of your second meeting, as though he had been your brother or bosom companion. He thrusts his arm into yours with an air of easy assurance, takes you by the button, or slaps your shoulder, calls you by your Christian name, which, if John, he is sure in a few seconds to familiarise into Jack; congratulates, condole, or questions you on matters so strictly personal, that you are really at a loss whether to pity him for his stupidity, or kick him for his impudence. Affability never offends on this score. It is the emanation of a manly sensibility, discharging itself in society freely and generously, yet without overstepping the bounds of the strictest politeness. The affable man can converse, or can be conversed with, on the occasion of his first meeting, with the most perfect freedom, can render the stage-coach or steamboat agreeable by his obliging and intelligent demeanour; and this too without appearing at the end of the journey in any other light than that of a pleasant stranger. You may meet him five times or fifty times, he will be the same respectful acquaintance—the same frank and buoyant conversationist, who feels that he owes the duty of cheerful words to his fellow men—a debt which he can perfectly well discharge, without transgressing the limits of a merely general relation. Nay, it is this very generality of feeling, this truly cosmopolitan spirit of social frankness, that carries him beyond officiousness and familiarity. In the light of kindness, every man stands in the same relation to him; and it is a littleness of which he has no conception, to drop from the broad principle of brotherly recognition to that of personal intermeddling.

It is sometimes objected by a certain narrow minded set, that the practice of affability tends to lessen the respect of their subordinates; in other words, interferes with what they imagine to be their personal dignity. 'Dignity' must have a very questionable foundation indeed if its stability even runs the risk of being affected by a frank and courteous demeanour. There may be such a thing as servility engendered by fear and hypocrisy, but there can be nothing like true respect when it is not acquired by kindness and consideration. It is familiarity on the part of a superior, not affability, that induces subordinates to indulge in improper liberties. The nobleman may have a kind and pleasant word for the meanest man on his estate without losing one tittle of real dignity; and so may the master have for his employé, without compromising either his authority or right to direct. It often happens, because there is too little attention bestowed upon the culture of this characteristic, that the employé conceives a dislike for the employer, and acts as if his interests were at variance. A few kindly words, a little considerate attention, on the part of masters, always supposing it to be in union with substantial justice, would prevent, we are confident, much of that unpleasant feeling of class which so frequently prevails, and would be the most effectual extinguisher to those strikes and feuds which form one of the most unamiable features of the present age.

Such is affability, taken in contradistinction to garrulity, officiousness, or familiarity. As a quality by itself, it is one of the most amiable that can adorn the human character. Proceeding from a generous feeling of brotherly love—from a broad principle of philanthropy, which knows no personal or sectarian antipathies—it breathes kindness and encouragement to all. It carries an atmosphere of cheerfulness around it, makes the desponding think that the world is not quite so bad after all, lightens the burden of the oppressed, smooths the wrinkles of the fretful and sulky, and reconciles to each other the offending and offended. The public street would be but a vista of moving automatons, were it not for the friendly recognition, the hearty shake of the hand, or the affectionate inquiries of your affable men. Without them the business of life would be a sullen huckstering, interrupted only by the impertinences of the officious and familiar. Be it in public or in private, affability is ever a welcome attendant, soothing down asperities, and thawing that reserve which is apt to degenerate into heartless coldness or positive ill-breeding. As it is pleasant and agreeable and useful to others, so it is indicative of a manly and generous sensibility. It is incompatible with a morose, selfish, or deceitful nature; and we may rest assured, with the New Zealander, that he who owns it, 'has his mouth great because his heart is warm.'

#### THE LATE JOHN CONSTABLE.

We resume our review of this volume, so interesting in its personal biography, and so instructive in its notes upon the arts, with a selection of *Anecdotes* of various characters, with which Mr. Leslie has sprinkled and pleasantly embellished his very agreeable work.



Samuel Strowger was a most symmetrical model in the life school; Mr. Leslie says:

"I cannot take leave of my old friend Strowger without mentioning, that towards the close of his life the students of the Academy presented him with a silver snuff box of huge dimensions; and that a very exact portrait of him in his best days was painted by Wilkie. It is the head of the intelligent farmer in the 'Rent Day,' who, seated at the table with his finger raised, appears to be recalling some circumstance to the recollection of the steward."

1810. "Constable and Wilkie were much together at that time, and their friendship never suffered any diminution. Constable sat to Wilkie for the head of the physician in his picture of the Sick Lady, and again, in the character of a physician, at a late period of their lives."

"Varley is here (at Salisbury) teaching drawing to the young ladies. 'Principles,' he says, 'are the thing. The warm grey, the cold grey, and the round touch.'"

Mr. Fisher writes in 1824: "The stupid English public, which has no judgment of its own, will begin to think there is something in you if the French make your works national property. You have long lain under a mistake; men do not purchase pictures because they admire them, but because others covet them. \* \* \* Did you know the fact in natural history, that rooks prefer to build in elm trees before all others, and that they seldom, or never, frequent chestnuts! When we were felling our elms at Gillingham, some rooks flew over and were clamorous. Whether deprecating our work of destruction or not, I cannot tell. \* \* \* I beg to congratulate you on the appearance of your name in the newspapers. Do not despise them too much. They cannot give fame, but they attend on her. Smoke gives notice that the house is on fire."

"This morning a gentleman called on me who has nine telescopes; you may judge how thick they soon got; it is John's forte, he is to see them tomorrow. I am planning a large picture, and I regard all you say; but I do not enter into that notion of varying one's plans to keep the public in good humour. Change of weather and effect will always afford variety. What if Vander Velde had quitted his sea pieces, or Ruysdael his waterfalls, or Hobbema his native woods? The world would have lost so many features in art. I know that you wish for no material alteration; but I have to combat from high quarters, even from Lawrence, the plausible argument, that subject makes the picture. Perhaps you think an evening effect might do; perhaps it might start me some new admirers, but I should lose many old ones. I imagine myself driving a nail; I have driven it some way, and by persevering I may drive it home; by quitting it to attack others, though I may amuse myself, I do not advance beyond the first, while that particular nail stands still. No man who can do any one thing well will be able to do any other different thing equally well; and this is true even of Shakspeare, the greatest master of variety. Send me the picture of the shady lane when you like. Do you wish to have any other? The sketch-book I am busy with for a few days; it is full of boats and coast scenes. Subjects of this sort seems to me more fit for execution than for sentiment. I hold the genuine pastoral feeling of landscape to be very rare and difficult of attainment. It is by far the most lovely department of painting as well as of poetry. I looked into Angerstein's the other day; how paramount is Claude!"

Nov. 1825 "My finances are sadly deranged, and this, I fear, will cause me to give up my large work. I have just had a visit from Mr. Bannister to request a landscape; he had long desired one of me, from which, as he says, 'he can feel the wind blowing on his face.' Two chimney-sweepers were at my door, 'What!' he said, 'brother brush!'"

"My pretty infant soon after you saw him was seized with whooping cough. I find medical men know nothing of this terrible disorder, and can afford it no relief, consequently it is in the hands of quacks. I have been advised to put him three times over and three times under a donkey, as a certain cure."

In 1828 Mr. Fisher writes: "Poor Cox, as you probably know from Peter is no more. He died of old age. A more irreproachable, friendly man did not exist. He was always benevolently employed; and at his funeral, the congregation disturbed the service with sobs. After a great dinner, he used to steal into his kitchen and give his cook a guinea. His domestics never left him. A silent but strong compliment. His regard to truth was remarkable. He is the author of twenty four quarto volumes, and has hardly been convicted of a mistake. He was quoted as an authority in his life time, an event of rare occurrence."

1829. "\*\*\* and \*\*\* have been together on the visitation for three weeks. They have neither broken bread nor spoken together, nor, I believe, seen one another. What a mistake our Oxford and Cambridge apostolic missionaries fall into when they make Christianity a stern, haughty thing! Think of St. Paul with a full-blown wig, deep shovel hat, apron, round belly, double chin, deep cough, stern eye, rough voice, and imperious manner; drinking portwine, and laying down the law as to the best way of escaping the operation of the Curates' Residence Act."

"The Hadleigh Castle, Constable's principal picture in the exhibition of 1829, received rather rougher usage than usual from the newspaper critics; but it finely embodied to the eye the following lines from Thomson's 'Summer,' with which its title was accompanied in the catalogue of the exhibition:

"The desert joys  
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.  
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep.  
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
Restless, reflects a floating gleam."

I witnessed an amusing scene before this picture at the Academy on one of the vernal days. Chantrey told Constable its foreground was too cold, and taking his palette from him, he passed a strong glazing of asphaltum all over that part of the picture, and while this was going on, Constable, who stood behind him in some degree of alarm, said to me, 'There goes all my dew.' He held in great respect Chantrey's judgment in most matters; but this did not prevent his carefully taking from the picture all that the great sculptor had done for it."

1830, Jan. 26, Constable says: "'Mr. Shee was elected last night by a large majority of the Academy; we expect much from his self-devotion and chivalrous sense of honour. . . . Yours, ever truly, J. C.' Constable lived long enough to witness the ample fulfilment of the highest expectations formed on this occasion."

"Beechey was here yesterday, and said, 'Why, d—n it, Constable, what a d—d fine picture you are making; but you look d—d ill, and you have got a d—d bad cold!' so that you have evidence on oath of my being about a fine picture, and that I am looking ill."

1832. "I had a terrific visit from K F\*\*\* on Sunday morning. He was brushed up and 'bearded like the pard,' and going to hear Irving, who, he said, was the only man to preach the Bible, explain the prophecies, &c. I cautioned him against enthusiasm in religion, which, as it has no foundation, is apt to slip from under a man, and leave infidelity or madness; but I talked to a tree. However, touching his picture of 'Circe' told better, and he went away with a ghastly smile, nearly crushing my hand in that grasp of his. This visit really did excite me, and I fell into a passion, which did me good. . . . P\*\*\*\* has just been here, accompanied by Newton's dog, who has presented me with two fleas, lest I should now sleep. God bless you all. Alfred close at my elbow. . . . Jones likes my preface. . . . I have seen Stanfield, and am much struck with him altogether as a sound fellow; he has great power. March 3d. My dear Leslie, many thanks for your visit yesterday. I have got my large Waterloo beautifully stained on a new frame, keeping every inch of canvass. It gives me much pleasure in the present occupation; but how long that will last, I know not. Archdeacon Fisher used to compare himself in some situations to a lobster in the boiler; very comfortable at first, but as the water became hotter and hotter, grievously perplexed at the bottom. P\*\*\*\* called yesterday. I joked with him at first on the folly of fighting with windmills, but he is quite confirmed in the boundless notions he entertains on the wrong side of every thing."

## PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES.

By J. Michelet. Translated by C. Cocks. Longman & Co.

This book has created an extraordinary sensation in France, and its author seems to think its appearance well timed to gain the attention of an English public, already excited by similar topics, as he writes—"Cette traduction ne s'aurait pas sans intérêt à Londres, au moment où le jésuitisme travaille si follement l'Angleterre." Those who have made themselves acquainted with the genius of M. Michelet, and his style, in which the characteristics of the historian and the poet are, often, illegitimately blended, will easily guess what are the leading features of the present work.

The complaint of M. Michelet is, that education in France, and especially that of young women, is too much under the control of the priesthood, and too little in the hands of the mother, too much ecclesiastical and too little domestic. Whatever may be the judgment on M. Michelet's opinions, his topic is an important one, if the statistic report of M. Louandre be true, that "622,000 girls are brought up by nuns under the direction of the clergy." (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1844.) But this is not the only topic of the writer; he speaks of the condition of women, generally, in France, and especially in Paris, and endeavors to arouse his fellow countrymen to consider its miseries. As an instance of his suggestions we quote the following:—

"Men receive about as much as women from public charity: this is unjust. They have infinitely more resources. They are stronger, have a greater variety of work, more initiative, a more active impulse, more locomotion, if I may so express myself, to go and hunt out work. They travel, emigrate, and find engagements. Not to mention countries where manual labour is very dear, I know of provinces in France, where it is very difficult to find either journeymen or man-servants. Man can wander to and fro. Woman remains at home and dies. Let this workwoman, whom the opposition of the convent has crushed, crawl to the gate of the convent—can she find an asylum there? She would want, in default of dowry, the active protection of an influential priest, a protection reserved for devout persons, such as have had the time to follow the 'Moi de Marie,' the Catechisms of perseverance, &c. &c., and who have been for a long time past, under ecclesiastical authority. This protection is often very dearly purchased; and for what? to get permission to pass one's life shut up within walls, to be obliged to counterfeit a devotion one has not! Death cannot be worse. They die then, quietly, decently, and alone. They will never be seen coming down from their garrets into the street to walk about, with the motto, 'To live working, or die fighting.' They will make no disturbances; we have nothing to fear from them. It is for this very reason that we are the more bound to assist them. Shall we then feel our hearts affected only for those of whom we are afraid? Men of money, if I must speak to you in your own money language, I will tell you, that as soon as we shall have an economical government, it will not hesitate to lay out its money for women, to help them to maintain themselves by their industry."

M. Michelet compares modern monasticism with that of the middle ages, and argues that where an institution is not genially developed with a regard to its first true object, and also to the changes of the times, it must necessarily lose its true spirit, and sink into an irksome formality:—

"Monastic life was quite a different thing in the middle ages: it was much more serious. There were then in the convents both more training for death, and a more active life. The system was, generally speaking, based upon two principles, which were sincerely and strictly adhered to: the destruction of the body, and the vivification of the soul. To war against the body they employed an exterminating fasting, excessive vigils, and frequent bleeding. For the development of the soul, the monks and nuns were made to read, transcribe, and sing. Up to the eleventh century they understood what they sang, as there was but little difference between Latin and the vulgar tongues of that period. The service had then a dramatic character, which sustained and constantly captivated the attention; many things that have been reduced to simple words were then expressed in gestures and pantomimes; what is now spoken was then acted. When they inflicted upon worship that serious, sober, and wearisome character that it still wears, the nuns were still allowed, as an indemnification, pious reading, legends, the lives of saints, and other books that had been translated; for instance, the admirable French version of the 'Imitation.' All these consolations were taken from them in the sixteenth century; the discovery was made, that it was dangerous to give them too great a taste for reading. In the seventeenth, even singing appeared to be an object of suspicion to many confessors; they were afraid the nuns might grow tender in singing the praises of God. But what did they give them as a substitute? What did they get in return for all those services which they no longer understood, for their reading and singing that were now denied them, and for so many other comforts, of which they were successively deprived?"

We shall not follow the author through his details concerning monastic education, or "direction" as it was called, in the seventeenth century; nor shall we analyze his criticisms upon St. Francois de Sales, Madame Guyon, Fenelon, and Bossuet. We may notice, however, his general censure of the seventeenth century. According to his judgment, many have loudly decried the eighteenth century who have not had reading and reflection enough to find in it the legitimate fruit of the seventeenth, which is thus severely characterized:—

"I cannot help pausing a moment to admire how Equivocation triumphed throughout this age. On whatever side I turn my eyes, I find it every where,



both in things and persons. It sits upon the throne in the person of Madame de Maintenon. Is this person a queen who is seated by the king's side, and before whom princesses are standing—or is she not? The equivocal is also near the throne in the person of the humble Pere La Chaise, the real king of the clergy of France, who from a garret at Versailles distributes the benefices. And do our loyal Gallicans and the scrupulous Jansenists abstain from the equivocal? Obedient, yet rebellious, preparing war though kneeling, they kiss the foot of the pope, but would like to tie his hands; they spoil the best reasons by their *distingue* and evasions. Indeed when I put in opposition to the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries this Janus of the seventeenth, the two others appear to me as honest centuries, or at the very least, sincere in good and in evil. But what falsehood and ugliness is concealed under the majestic harmony of the seventeenth! Everything is softened and shaded in the form, but the bottom is often the worse for it. Instead of the local inquisition, you have the police of the Jesuits, armed with the king's authority. In place of a Saint Bartholomew, you have the monitor of a religious revolution, called the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, that cruel comedy of forced conversion; then, the unheard-of tragedy, of a proscription organised by all the bureaucratic and military means of a modern government!—Bossuet sings the triumph; and deceit, lying, and misery reign everywhere! Deceit in politics: local life destroyed without creating any central life. Deceit in morals: this polished court, this world of polite people receives an unexpected lesson from the *chamber of poisons*: the king suppresses the trial, fearing to find every one guilty!—And can devotion be real with such morals?—If you re-proach the sixteenth century with its violent fanaticisms, if the eighteenth appear to you cynical and devoid of human respect, confess at least also that lying, deceit, and hypocrisy are the predominant features of the seventeenth. That great historian Moliere has painted the portrait of this century, and found its name—Tartuffe."

There is one general principle upon which M. Michelet argues, with which we must concur, and we notice it because it is applicable to many cases among ourselves at home as well as to continental convents. The author argues that every institution for education, in order to be influential and wholesome, must treat its pupils not as passive, but as active beings, and must provide good occupation for their best faculties. He then observes, that where this is not done, there is left a vacancy which will soon be filled with evils. For proof of this principle, we need not go abroad: we have only to look at neighbourhoods in our own country, perhaps apparently orderly, but where we find unfavourable symptoms: no choral society cheers the town; no reading-room collects the young men; the stationer is going away in despair; there is not a neat garden, nor even a pretty garanium in a window. These seem trivial signs to some, perhaps: for us they almost supply the place of positive statistics of vice.

It has been objected that M. Michelet has drawn his instances from the seventeenth century, and from a class of ecclesiastics of whom no living types exist. In reply to this, he proceeds to assert of modern clerical education, as he has done with regard to conventional routine, its unfitness for the times in which we live. Speaking of a former day, he says:—

"The priest believed himself to be, in this sense, the man of the spirit, and he really was so, by the *superiority of culture*. He knew everything, the layman nothing. Even when the priest was young, he was truly the father, the other the child. In our days it is just the contrary; the layman, in cities at least, is generally more learned than the priest; even the peasant, if he be a father of a family, with business and interests, or has served in the army, has more experience than his *curé* and more real knowledge; his speaking ungrammatically is of no consequence. But the contrast is still more striking, when this inexperienced priest, who has known nothing but his own seminary, sees at his knees a fashionable, intriguing, impassioned woman, who now, perhaps, at the close of her seventh lustrum, has passed through everything sentimental and ideal. What! she ask his advice? she call him *father*? Why, every word she utters is a revelation for him—astonishment and fear take possession of his soul. If he is not wise enough to hold his tongue, he will be ridiculous. His penitent, who came to him all trembling, will depart laughing."

"If the priest has not enough imagination and wit to put the questions from the store of his own mind, he has had in his hands for the last two centuries, ready-made questions, which he may ask in due order, and by which he will force his fair penitent to dive into her own thoughts, sift her own secrets to deliver them over to him, open her heart's sores, as one may say, thread by thread, and wind off before him the complete skein, which he henceforth holds in his hands. \* \* \* We know not how to qualify this culpable routine. These books, composed for a barbarous age, unparalleled in crimes, are the same that you give to your pupils in our own civilized age. And this young priest, who according to your instructions, believes that the world is still that dreadful world, who enters the confessional with all this villanous science, and his imagination full of monstrous cases, you, imprudent men! (what shall I call you?) you confront him with a child who has never left her mother's side, who knows nothing, has nothing to say, and whose greatest crime is that she has not learned her catechism properly, or has hurt a butterfly! I shudder at the interrogatory to which he will subject her, and at what he will teach her in his conscientious brutality. But he questions her in vain. She knows nothing, and says nothing. He scolds her, and she weeps. Her tears will be soon dried, but it will be long before she ceases to reflect."

Sidney Smith has given us his ideal portrait of a bishop—M. Michelet thus presents to us his ideal of a priest:—

"The priest, in the highest acceptance of the term, ought to be an old man, as he was at first, or at least a man of a mature age, who, having passed through the cares of this world, and being well acquainted with family life, has been taught by his experience to understand the sense of the Great Family of the Universe. Seated among the old men, like the elders of Israel, he would communicate to the young the treasures of his experience; he would be the man for all parties; the man who belongs to the poor, the conciliating umpire to prevent law-suits, and the physician of health to prevent diseases. To be all that, something more is required than an excitable, hot headed young man. It ought to be a man who has seen, learned, and suffered much, and who has at last found in his own heart the kind words, which may comfort us on our way to the world to come."

In the following passage, M. Michelet maintains the paradox, that the "man of the world," as he calls the striving man in business, art, or literature, undergoes more real penance than the secluded cenobite. There is, at least, some truth in this assertion when applied to such as poor Goldsmith, producing his *beau-ideal* of the Christian priest, and dreaming of turning all prisons into chapels and school-rooms, while at his wits' end how to raise the rent of his miserable garret; or, when applied to the life of the artist, striving at once for the beautiful and for—bread:—

In the middle ages the *priest* was the spiritual and *mortified man*. By the studies to which he alone devoted himself, by nocturnal prayers and vigils, by the excess of fasting, and by monastic privations, he mortified his body. But in these days very little remains of all that; the Church has softened down everything. The priests live as others do: if many pass a mean and pitiful life, it is, at least, generally unattended with risk. We see it, moreover, in the freedom of mind with which they engage the leisure of women with interminable conversations. Who is the mortified man in the present day, in this time of hard work, eager efforts, and fiery opposition? It is the layman, the worldly man. This man of the world, full of cares, works all day and all night, either for his family, or for the state. Being often engaged in details of business or studies, too thorny to interest his wife and children, he cannot communicate to them what fills his own mind. Even at the hour of rest, he speaks little, being always pursuing his idea. Success in business and invention in science, are only obtained at a high price—the price that Newton mentions, *by ever thinking of it*. Solitary among his fellows, he runs the risk, in making their glory, or their fortune, to become a stranger to them. The Churchman, on the contrary, who, in these days, to judge of him by what he publishes, studies little, and invents nothing, and who no longer wages against himself that war of mortifications imposed by the middle ages, can, coolly and quietly, pursue two very different occupations at the same time. By his assiduity and fawning words, he gains over the family of the man of business, at the very moment that he hurls down upon him from the pulpit the thunders of his eloquence."

There is too much *verisemblance* in the following explanation of some features of Parisian (and we fear of fashionable London) life:—

"We cannot repeat it too often, for nothing is more true—woman is alone. She is alone, if she has a husband, she is also alone, even with a son. Once at college, she sees him only by favour, and often at long intervals. When he leaves college, other prisons await the youth, and other exiles. A brilliant evening party is given:—enter those well-lighted rooms, you see the women sitting in long rows, well dressed, and entirely alone. Go, about four o'clock, to the Champs-Elysees, and there you will see again the same women, sad and spiritless or their way to the Bois de Boulogne, each in her own carriage, and alone. Others, at the further end, are from their shops; but they are also alone. There is nothing in the life of women, who have the misfortune to have nothing to do, that may not be explained by one single word—loneliness, *ennui*. *Ennui*, which is supposed to be a languishing and negative disposition of the mind, is, for a nervous woman, a positive evil impossible to support. It grasps its prey, and gnaws it to the core: whoever suspends the torment of a moment is considered a saviour. *Ennui* makes them receive female friends, whom they know to be inquisitive, envious, slandering enemies. *Ennui* makes them require novels in newspapers, which are suddenly cut short, at the moment of the greatest interest. *Ennui* carries them to concerts, where they find a mixture of every kind of music, and where the diversity of styles is a fatigue for the ear. *Ennui* drags them to a sermon, which thousands listen to, but which not one of them could bear to read. Nay, even the sickening half-worldly and half-devout productions, with which the neo-catholics inundate the Faubourg Saint Germain, will find readers among these poor women, the martyrs of *ennui*. Such delicate and sickly forms can support a nauseous dose of musk and incense, which would turn the stomach of any one in health."

But we have allowed M. Michelet to say enough on the evil. We must now attend to the remedy which he suggests, and, if we understand well the purport of his book, this is very simple in theory, though it may not prove easy in practice. It is to be found, says the author, in the elevation of woman to her proper rank as the companion of her husband and the teacher of her children. We must be permitted to take the assertion with which the following passage opens *cum grano salis*:—

"Frenchwomen are superior to those of England or Germany, and, indeed, to any other women, in being able not only to assist man, but to become his companion, his friend, his partner, his *alter ego*. None but the commercial classes, generally speaking, are wise enough to profit by this. See, in the shopkeeping quarters, in the dark storehouses of the *Rue des Lombardes*, or the *Rue de la Verrerie*, the young wife, often born of rich parents, who nevertheless remains there, in that little glazed counting-house, keeping the books, registering whatever is brought in or taken out, and directing the clerks and porters. With such a partner, the house will prosper. The household is improved by it. The husband and wife separated by their occupations during the day, are the better pleased to unite together in common thought. Without being able to participate so directly in the husband's activity, the wife might also, in other professions, be able to associate with him in his business, or at least in his ideas. What makes this difficult (I have not attempted to disguise it), is the spirit of speciality which goes on increasing in our different professions, as well as in our sciences, and driving us into minute details; whereas woman, being less persevering, and, moreover, less called upon to apply herself with precision, is confined to a knowledge of generalities. The man who will seriously initiate a woman in his own life, can do it safely and completely, if she love him, but he would require to possess both patience and kindness. They have come together, as it were, from the two opposite poles, and prepared by a totally different education. Since it is so, how can you expect that your young wife, intelligent as she is, should understand you at once? If she do not understand you, it is too frequently your own fault; if this almost always proceeds from the abstract, dry, and scholastic forms which you have imbibed from your education. She remained in the sphere of common sense and sentiment, understands nothing of your formulas, and seldom, very seldom indeed, do you know how to translate them into plain language. This requires address, will, and feeling. You would want, sir, let me tell you, both more sense, and more love. At the first word she does not understand, the husband loses his patience. 'She is incapable, she is too frivolous.' He leaves her, and all is over. But that day he loses much. If he had persevered, he would gradually have led her along with him; she would have lived his life, and their marriage would have been real. Ah! what a companion he has lost! how sure a confidant! and how zealous an ally! In this person, who, when left to herself, seems to him too trifling, he would have found in moments of difficulty a ray of inspiration and often useful advice."

The following remarks on the power of early education are not too strongly expressed:—

"Education! a mere trifle, a weak power, no doubt, which the father may, without danger, allow his enemies to take possession of! To possess the mind, with all the advantages of the first possessor! To write in this book of blank paper whatever they will! and to write what will last for ever! And, remember well, it will be in vain for you to write upon it hereafter; what has once been indited cannot be erased. It is the mystery of her young memory to be as weak in receiving impressions, as it is strong in keeping them. The



early tracing that seemed to be effaced at twenty re-appears at forty or sixty. It is the last and the clearest, perhaps, that old age will retain. What! will not reading, and the press, the great overruling power of our own days, give a stronger education than the former one? Do not rely on this. The influence of the press partly annuls itself; it has a thousand voices to speak, and a thousand others to answer and destroy what it has said. Education does not make so much noise; it reigns. Look, in that little class, without witness, control, or contradiction, a man is speaking; he is master, an absolute master invested with the most ample power to punish and chastise. His voice, not his hand, has the power of the rod; the little, trembling and believing creature, who has just left his mother's apron, receives his weighty words, which enter the soft tablet of her memory, and stick into it like so many nails of iron."

M. Michelet pleads for a prolonged maternal superintendence over the boy as well as the girl, and complains, as Herder and other Germans have done, of the scholastic system which depresses original genius under a burden of lore, and gives to the world only polyglottic and polytechnic machines:—

"When we reflect that ordinary life is so short, and that so many die very young we hesitate to abridge the first, this best period of life, when the child free under its mother's protection, lives in Grace, and not in the Law. But if it be true, as I think, that this time, which people believe lost, is precisely the only precious and irreparable period, in which among childish games sacred genius tries its first flight, the season when, becoming fledged, the young eagle tries to fly—ah! pray do not shorten it. Do not banish the youth from the maternal paradise, before his time; give him one day more; to-morrow, all well and good; God knows it will be soon enough! To-morrow, he will bend to his work and crawl along the furrow. But to-day, leave him there, let him gain full strength and life, and breathe with his open heart the vital air of liberty. An education which is too zealous and restless, and which exacts too much, is dangerous for children. We are ever increasing the mass of study and science, and such exterior acquisitions; but the interior suffers for it. This one is nothing but Latin, the next shines in Mathematics; but where is the *man*, I pray you? And yet it was the *man*, precisely, that was loved and taken care of by the mother. It was man she respected in the wanderings of the Child. She seemed to depress her own influence, and even her superintendence, in order that he might act and be both free and strong; but, at the same time, she ever surrounded him as if with an invisible embrace."

#### MARGARET OF VALOIS.

On the eighteenth day of August 1572, a great festival was held in the palace of the Louvre. It was to celebrate the nuptials of Henry of Navarre and Margaret of Valois.

This alliance between the chief of the Protestant party in France, and the sister of Charles IX. and daughter of Catharine de Medicis, perplexed, and in some degree alarmed, the Catholics whilst it filled the Huguenots with joy and exultation. The king had declared that he knew and made no difference between Romanist and Calvinist—that all were alike his subjects, and equally beloved by him. He caressed the throng of Huguenot nobles and gentlemen whom the marriage had attracted to the court, was affectionate to his new brother-in-law, friendly with the Prince of Conde, almost respectful to the venerable Admiral de Coligny, to whom he proposed to confide the command of an army in a projected war with Spain. The chiefs of the Catholic party were not behind-hand in following the example set them by Charles. Catharine de Medicis was all smiles and affability; the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III., received graciously the compliments paid him by the Huguenots themselves on his successes at Jarnac and Moncontour, battles which he had won before he was eighteen years old; Henry of Guise, whose reputation as a leader already, at the age of two-and-twenty, almost equalled that of his great father, was courteous and friendly to those whose deadly foe he had so lately been. The Duke of Mayenne and the Admiral, the Guise and the Conde, were seen riding, conversing, and making parties of pleasure together. It was the lion lying down with the lamb.

On the twenty-second of August, four days after the marriage, in which the Huguenots saw a guarantee of the peaceful exercise of their religion, the Admiral de Coligny was passing through the street of St Germain l'Auxerrois, when he was shot at and wounded by a captain of *petardiens*, one Maurevel, who went by the name of *Le Tueur du Roi*, literally, the King's Killer. At midnight on the twenty-fourth of August, the tocsin sounded, and the massacre of St Bartholomew began.

It is at this stirring period of French history, abounding in horrors and bloodshed, and in plots and intrigues, both political and amorous, that M. Alexandre Dumas commences one of his most recently published romances. Beginning with the marriage of Henry and Margaret, he narrates, in his spirited and attractive style, various episodes, real and imaginary, of the great massacre, from the first fury of which, Henry himself, doomed to death by the remorseless Catharine de Medicis, was only saved by his own caution, by the indecision of Charles IX., and the energy of Margaret of Valois. The marriage between the King of France's sister and the King of Navarre, was merely one of *convenance*, agreed to by Henry for the sake of his fellow Protestant, and used by Catharine and Charles as a lure to bring "those of the religion," as they were called, to Paris, there to be slaughtered unsuspecting and defenceless. Margaret, then scarcely twenty years of age, had already made herself talked of by her intrigues; Henry, who was a few months younger, but who, even at that early period of his life, possessed a large share of the shrewdness and prudence for which his countrymen, the Bearnese, have at all times been noted, was, at the very time of his marriage, deeply in love with the Baroness de Sauve, one of Catharine de Medicis' ladies, by whom he was in his turn beloved. But although little affection existed between the royal pair, the strong links of interest and ambition bound them together; and no sooner were they married than they entered into a treaty of political alliance, to which, for some time, both steadily and truly adhered.

On the night of the St. Bartholomew, a Huguenot gentleman, the Count Lerac de la Mole, who has arrived that day at Paris with important letters for the King of Navarre, seeks refuge in the apartments of the latter from the assassins who pursue and have already wounded him. Unacquainted, however, with the Louvre, he mistakes the door, and enters the apartment of the Queen of Navarre, who, seized with pity, and struck also by the youth and elegance of the fugitive, gives him shelter, and herself dresses his wounds, employing in his behalf the surgical skill which she had acquired from the celebrated Ambrose Pare, whose pupil she had been. One of the most furious of La Mole's pursuers is a Piedmontese gentleman, Count Hannibal de Cocconas, who has also arrived that day in the capital, and put up at the same hotel as La Mole. When the latter is rescued by Margaret, Cocconas wanders through Paris, killing all the Huguenots he can find—such, at least, as will

defend themselves. In a lonely part of the town he is overpowered by numbers, and is rescued from imminent peril by the Duke of Guise's sister-in-law, the Duchess of Nevers, that golden-haired, emerald-eyed dame, of whom (Ronsard sang—

"La Duchesse de Nevers  
Aux yeux verts,  
Qui, sous leur paupiere blonde,  
Lancent sur nous plus d'éclairs  
Que ne font vingt Jupiters  
Dans les airs  
Lorsque la tempête gronde."

To cut the story short, La Mole falls violently in love with Margaret, Cocconas does the same with the duchess; and these four personages play important parts in the ensuing narrative, which extends over a space of nearly two years, and into which the author, according to his custom, introduces a vast array of characters, for the most part historical, all spiritedly drawn and well sustained. M. Dumas may, in various respects, be held up as an example to our history spoilers, self-styled writers of historical romance, on this side the Channel. One does not find him profaning public edifices by causing all sorts of absurdities to pass, and of twaddle to be spoken, within their precincts; neither does he make his kings and beggars, high-born dames and private soldiers, use the very same language, all equally tame, colourless, and devoid of character. The spirited and varied dialogue in which his romances abound, illustrates and brings out the qualities and characteristics of his actors, and is not used for the sole purpose of making a chapter out of what would be better told in a page. In many instances, indeed, it would be difficult for him to tell his story, by the barest narrative, in fewer words than he does by pithy and pointed dialogue.

As the sole means of placing his life in comparative safety, Henry abjures the Protestant faith, and remains in a sort of honourable captivity at the court of France, suspected by Charles and detested by Catharine, to whom Rene the Florentine, her astrologer and poisoner, has predicted that the now powerless prince of Navarre shall one day reign over France. Some days have passed, the massacres have nearly ceased, and the body of Admiral de Coligny, discovered amongst a heap of slain, has been suspended to the gibbet at Montfaucon. Charles IX., always greedy of spectacles of blood, proposes to pay a visit to the corpse of his dead enemy, whom he had called his father, and affectionately embraced, upon their last meeting previous to the attempted assassination of the admiral by Maurevel, an attempt instigated by Charles himself. We will give the account of this visit in the words of M. Dumas.

It was two in the afternoon, when a long train of Cavaliers and ladies, glittering with gold and jewels, appeared in the Rue St Denis, displaying itself in the sun between the sombre lines of houses, like some huge reptile with sparkling scales. Nothing that exists at the present day can give an adequate idea of the splendour of this spectacle. The rich silken costumes, of the most brilliant colours, which were in vogue during the reign of Francis I. had not yet been replaced by the bare and graceless attire that became the fashion in Henry III.'s time. The costume of the reign of Charles IX. was perhaps less rich, but more elegant than that of the preceding epoch.

In the rear, and on either side of this magnificent procession, came the pages, esquires, gentlemen of low degree, dogs and horses, giving the royal train the appearance of a small army. The cavalcade was followed by a vast number of the populace.

That morning, in presence of Catharine and the Duke of Guise, and of Henry of Navarre, Charles the Ninth had spoken, as if it were quite a natural thing, of going to visit the gibbet at Montfaucon, or, in other words, the mutilated body of the admiral, which was suspended from it. Henry's first impulse had been to make an excuse for not joining the party. Catharine was looking out for this, and at the very first word that he uttered expressive of his repugnance, she exchanged a glance and a smile with the Duke of Guise. Henry, whom nothing escaped, caught both smile and glance, underwent them, and hastened to correct his blunder.

"After all," said he, "why should I not go? I am a Catholic, and I owe as much to my new religion." Then addressing himself to the king:—"Your majesty may recon upon me," said he; "I shall always be happy to accompany you wherever you go."

In the whole procession, no one attracted so much curiosity and attention as this king without a kingdom, this Huguenot who had become Catholic. His big and strongly marked features, his somewhat common *tournaure*, his familiarity with his inferiors—a familiarity which was to be attributed to the habits of his youth, and which he carried almost too far for a king—caused him to be at once recognised by the spectators, some of whom called out to him—

"To mass, Henriot, to mass!"

To which Henry replied.

"I was there yesterday, I have been there to-day, I shall go again to-morrow. *Ventre-saint-gris!* I think that is enough."

As for Margaret, she was on horseback—so beautiful, so fresh and elegant, that there was a perfect chorus of admiration around her, some few notes of which, however, were addressed to her companion and intimate friend, the Duchess of Nevers, who had just joined her, and whose snow-white steed, as if proud of its lovely burden, tossed its head, and neighed exultingly.

"Well, duchess," said the Queen of Navarre, "have you anything new to tell me?"

"Nothing, madam, I believe," replied Henriette. Then, in a lower tone, she added—"and the Huguenot, what is become of him?"

"He is in safety," replied Margaret. "And your Piedmontese hero? Where is he?"

"He insisted upon being one of the party, and is riding M. de Nevers' charger, a horse as big as an elephant. He is a superb cavalier. I allowed him to come, because I thought that your Huguenot protégé would be still confined to his room, and that consequently there could be no risk of their meeting."

"*Ma foi!*" replied Margaret, smiling, "if he were here, I do not think there would be much danger of a single combat. The Huguenot is very handsome, but nothing else—a dove, and not an eagle; he may coo, but he will not bite. After all," added she, with a slight elevation of her shoulders, "we perhaps take him for a Huguenot, whilst he is only a Brahmin, and his religion may forbid his shedding blood. But see there, duchess—there is one of your gentlemen, who will assuredly be ridden over."

"Ah! it is my hero," cried the duchess; "look, look!"

It was Cocconas, who had left his place in the procession in order to get nearer to the Duchess of Nevers; but, at the very moment that he was crossing the sort of boulevard separating the street of St Denis from the faubourg of the same name, a cavalier belonging to the suite of the Duke of Alençon, who had just come up, was run away with by his horse; and, being unable



immediately to check the animal, came full tilt against Coconnas. The Piedmontese reeled in his saddle, and his hat fell off. He caught it in his hand, and turned furiously upon the person by whom he had been so rudely, although accidentally, assailed.

"Good heavens!" said Margaret, in a whisper to her friend, "it is Monsieur de la Mole!"

"That pale, handsome young man?" cried the duchess.

"Yes; he who so nearly upset your Piedmontese."

"Oh!" exclaimed the duchess, "something terrible will happen! They recognise each other."

They had done so. Coconnas dropped the bridle of his horse in surprise at meeting with his former acquaintance, whom he fully believed he had killed, or at any rate disabled for a long time to come. As to La Mole, when he recognised Coconnas, a flush of anger overspread his pallid countenance. For a few seconds, the two men remained gazing at each other with looks which made Margaret and the duchess tremble. Then La Mole, glancing around him, and understanding, doubtless, that the place was not a fit one for an explanation, spurred his horse, and rejoined the Duke of Alencon. Coconnas remained for a moment stationary, twisting his mustache till he brought the corner of it nearly into his eye, and then moved onwards.

"Ha!" exclaimed Margaret, with mingled scorn and vexation; "I was not mistaken then. Oh, this time it is too bad!" And she bit her lips in anger.

"He is very handsome," said the duchess, in a tone of commiseration.

Just at this moment the Duke of Alencon took his place behind the king and the queen-mother; so that his gentleman, in order to follow him had to pass Margaret and the Duchess of Nevers. As La Mole went by, he removed his hat, bowed low to the queen, and remained bareheaded, waiting till her majesty should honour him with a look. But Margaret turned her head proudly away. La Mole doubtless understood the scornful expression of her features; his pale face became livid, and he grasped his horse's mane as if to save himself from falling.

"Look at him, cruel that you are," said Henriette to the Queen; "he is going to faint."

"Good!" said Margaret, with a smile of immense contempt. "Have you no salts to offer him?"

Madame de Nevers was mistaken. La Mole recovered himself, and took his place behind the Duke of Alencon.

The royal party continued to advance, and presently came in sight of the gallows at Montfaucon. The King and Catherine of Medicis were followed by the Dukes of Anjou and Alencon, the King of Navarre, the Duke of Guise, and their gentlemen; then came Margaret, the Duchess of Nevers, and the ladies, composing what was called the Queen's flying squadron; finally, the pages, esquires, lackeys, and the people—in all, ten thousand souls. The guards, who marched in front, placed themselves in a large circle round the enclosure in which stood the gibbet; and on their approach, the ravens that had perched upon the instrument of death flew away with hoarse and dismal croakings. To the principal gallows was hanging a shapeless mass, a blackened corpse, covered with mud and coagulated blood. It was suspended by the feet, for the head was wanting. In place of the latter, the ingenuity of the people had substituted a bundle of straw, with a mask fixed upon it; and in the mouth of the mask some scuffer, acquainted with the admiral's habits, had placed a toothpick.

It was a sad and strange sight to behold all these elegant cavaliers and beautiful women passing, like one of the processions which Goya has painted, under the blackened skeletons and tall grim gibbets. The greater the mirth of the visitors, the more striking was the contrast with the mournful silence and cold insensibility of the corpses which were its object. Many of the party supported with difficulty this horrible spectacle; and Henry of Navarre especially, in spite of his powers of dissimulation and habitual command over himself, was at last unable to bear it longer. He took, as a pretext, the stench emitted by these human remains; and approaching Charles, who with Catharine of Medicis, had paused before the body of the admiral—

"Sire," said he, "does not your Majesty find that the smell of this poor corpse is too noxious to be longer endured?"

"Ha! think you so, Harry?" cried Charles, whose eyes were sparkling with atrocious joy.

"Yes, sire."

"Then I am not of your opinion. *The body of a dead enemy always smells well.*"

"By my faith! sire," said Monsieur de Tavannes, "your Majesty should have invited Pierre Ronsard to accompany us on this little visit to the admiral; he would have made an impromptu epitaph on old Gaspard."

"That will I make," said Charles. And after a moment's reflection, "Listen, gentlemen," said he—

"Ci git, mais c'est mal entendu,  
Pour lui le mot est trop honnête,  
Ici l'amiral est pendu,  
Par les pieds, à fautive tête."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the Catholic gentlemen with one voice, whilst the converted Huguenots there present maintained a gloomy silence. As to Harry, he was talking to Margaret and the Duchess of Nevers, and pretended not to hear.

"Come, sir," said Catharine, who, in spite of the perfumes with which she was covered began to have enough of this tainted atmosphere—"Come, sir," said she to the king, "the best of friends must part. Let us bid adieu to the admiral, and return to Paris."

And bowing her head ironically to the corpse by way of a farewell, she turned her horse and regained the road, whilst her suite filed past the body of Coligny. The crowd followed the cavalcade, and ten minutes after the king's departure, no one remained near the mutilated body of the admiral.

When we say no one we make a mistake. A gentleman, mounted on a black horse, and who, probably, during the stay of the king, had been unable to contemplate the disfigured corpse sufficiently at his ease, lingered behind, and was amusing himself by examining, in all their details, the chains, irons, stone pillars, in short, the whole paraphernalia of the gibbet, which, no doubt, appeared to him, who had been but a few days at Paris, and was not aware of the perfection to which all things are brought for the metropolis, a hideous ingenuity. This person was our friend Coconnas. A woman's quick eye had in vain sought him through the ranks of the cavalcade. Monsieur de Coconnas remained in admiration before the masterpiece of Enguerrand de Marigny.

But the woman in question was not the only person who sought Coconnas. A cavalier remarkable for his white satin doublet and the elegance of his plume, after looking before him, and on either side, had at last looked back and per-

ceived the tall form of the Piedmontese, and the gigantic profile of his horse, sharply defined against the evening sky, now reddened by the last rays of the setting sun. Then the gentleman in the white satin doublet left the road which the cavalcade was following, struck into a side path, and describing a curve, returned towards the gibbet. He had scarcely done this, when the Duchess of Nevers approached the Queen of Navarre, and said—

"We were mistaken, Margaret, for the Piedmontese has remained behind, and Monsieur de la Mole has followed him."

"Mordi!" cried Margaret laughing, "is it so? I confess that I shall not be sorry to have to alter my opinion."

She then looked round, and saw La Mole returning towards the gallows.

It was now the turn of the two princesses to quit the cavalcade. The moment was favourable for so doing, for they were crossing a road bordered by high hedges, by following which they would get to within thirty paces of the gibbet. Madame de Nevers said a word to the captain of her guards, Margaret made a sign to Gillonne, her tirewoman and confidant; and these four persons took the cross road, and hastened to place themselves in ambuscade behind some bushes near the spot they were desirous of observing. There they dismounted, and the captain held the horses, whilst the three ladies found a pleasant seat upon the close fresh turf, with which the place was overgrown. An opening in the bushes enabled them to observe the smallest detail of what was passing.

La Mole had completed his circuit, and walking up behind Coconnas, he stretched out his hand and touched him on the shoulder. The Piedmontese turned his head.

"Oh!" said he, "it was no dream then. You are still alive?"

"Yes, sir," replied La Mole, "I am still alive. It is not your fault, but such is the case."

"Mordieu! I recognise you perfectly," said Coconnas, in spite of your pale cheeks. You were redder than that the last time I saw you."

"And I recognise you also," said La Mole, in spite of that yellow cut across your face. You were paler than you are now when I gave it to you."

Coconnas bit his lips, but continued in the same ironical tone.

"It is curious, is it not, Monsieur de la Mole, particularly for a Huguenot, to see the admiral hung up to that iron hook?"

"Count," said La Mole with a bow, "I am no longer a Huguenot, I have the honour to be a Catholic."

"Bah!" cried Coconnas, bursting into a laugh, "you are converted? How very sly of you!"

"Sir," replied La Mole, with the same serious politeness, "I made a vow to become a Catholic if I escaped the massacre."

"It was a very prudent vow," returned the Piedmontese, "and I congratulate you on it; is it the only one you made?"

"No, sir, I made one other," replied La Mole, patting his horse with his usual deliberate grace.

"And it was—" enquired Coconnas.

"To hang you up yonder, to that little hook which seems to be waiting for you, just below Monsieur de Coligny."

"What!" cried Coconnas, "all alive, just as I am?"

"No, sir; after passing my sword through your body."

Coconnas became purple, and his grey eyes flashed fire.

"Really," said he, with a sneer; "to yonder rail! You are not quite tall enough for that, my little gentleman."

"Then I will get upon your horse," replied La Mole. "A! you think, my dear M. Hannibal de Coconnas, that you may assassinate people with impunity under the loyal and honourable pretext of being a hundred to one. Not so. A day comes when every man finds his man, and for you that day is come. I am almost tempted to break your ugly head with a pistol shot; but pshaw! I should perhaps miss you, for my hand still shakes with the wounds you so treacherously gave me."

"My ugly head!" roared Coconnas, throwing himself off his horse. "On foot! Monsieur le Comte—out with your blade!" And he drew his sword.

"I think your Huguenot called him ugly," whispered the Duchess of Nevers to Margaret. "Do you find him so?"

"He is charming," cried Margaret laughing, "and Monsieur de la Mole's anger renders him unjust. But hush! let us observe them."

La Mole got off his horse with as much deliberation as Coconnas had shown haste, drew his sword, and put himself on guard.

"Ah!" cried he, as he extended his arm.

"Oh!" exclaimed Coconnas, as he stretched out his.

Both, it will be remembered, were wounded in the shoulder, and a sudden movement still caused them acute suffering. A stifled laugh was audible from behind the trees. The princesses had been unable to restrain it when they saw the two champions rubbing their shoulders and grimacing with pain. The laugh reached the ears of La Mole and Coconnas, who had been hitherto unaware of the presence of witnesses, but who now, on looking round, perceived the ladies. La Mole again put himself on guard, steady as an automaton, and Coconnas, as their swords crossed, uttered an energetic *Mordieu!*

"Ah ca!" exclaimed Margaret, "they are in earnest, and will kill one another if we do not prevent it. This is going too far. Stop, gentlemen, I entreat you."

"Let them go on," said Henriette, who, having already seen Coconnas make head successfully against three antagonists at once, trusted that he would have at least as easy a bargain of La Mole.

At the first clash of steel, the combatants became silent. They were neither of them confident in their strength and, at each pass or parry, their imperfectly healed wounds caused them sharp pain. Nevertheless, with fixed and ardent eye, his lips slightly parted, his teeth firmly set, La Mole advanced with short steady steps upon his adversary, who, perceiving that he had to do with a master of fence, retreated—gradually, it is true, but still retreated. In this manner they reached the edge of the moat, or dry ditch, on the other side of which the spectators had stationed themselves. There, as if he had only retired with the view of getting nearer to the duchess, Coconnas stopped, and made a rapid thrust. At the same instant a sanguine spot, which grew each second larger, appeared upon the white satin of La Mole's doublet.

"Courage!" cried the Duchess of Nevers.

"Poor La Mole!" exclaimed Margaret, with a cry of sorrow.

La Mole heard the exclamation, threw one expressive glance to the queen, and making a skilful feint, followed it up by a pass of lightning swiftness. This time both the women shrieked. The point of La Mole's rapier had appeared, crimson with blood, behind the back of Coconnas.

Neither of the combatants fell; they remained on their feet, staring at each other, each of them feeling that at the first movement he made he should lose



his balance. At last the Piedmontese, more dangerously wounded than his antagonist, and feeling that his strength was ebbing away with his blood, threw himself forward upon La Mole, and seized him with one arm whilst with the other hand he felt for his dagger. La Mole mustered all his remaining strength, raised his hand, and struck Coconnas on the forehead with his sword-hilt. Coconnas fell, but in falling he dragged his adversary after him, and both rolled into the ditch. Then Margaret and the Duchess of Nevers, seeing that although, apparently dying, they still sought to finish each other, sprang forward, preceded by the captain of the guards. But before they reached the wounded men, the eyes of the latter closed, their grasp was loosened, and, letting fall their weapons, they stretched themselves out stiff and convulsed. A pool of blood had already formed itself around them.

"Oh! brave, brave La Mole!" exclaimed Margaret, unable to repress her admiration. "How can I forgive myself for having suspected you!" And her eyes filled with tears.

"Alas! alas!" cried the duchess, sobbing violently. "Say, madam, did you ever see such intrepid champions?"

"Tudieu!—What hard knocks!" exclaimed the captain, trying to stanch the blood that flowed from the wounds. "Hola! you who are coming, come more quickly."

A man, seated on the front of a sort of cart painted of a red colour, was seen slowly approaching.

"Hola!" repeated the captain, "will you come, then, when you are called! Do you not see that these gentlemen are in want of assistance?"

The man in the cart, whose appearance was in the highest degree coarse and repulsive, stopped his horse, got down, and stepped over the two bodies.

"These are pretty wounds," said he, "but I make better ones."

"Who, then, are you?" said Margaret, experiencing, in spite of herself, a vague and unconquerable sensation of terror.

"Madam," replied the man, bowing to the ground, "I am Maitre Caboche executioner of the city of Paris; and I am come to suspend to this gibbet some companions for the admiral."

"And I am the Queen of Navarre; throw out your dead bodies, place our horses' clothes in your cart, and bring these two gentlemen carefully to the Louvre."

La Mole recovers from his wounds before Coconnas is out of danger. The latter is, in great measure, restored to health through the care and attention which his late antagonist generously lavishes on him; they become intimate friends, and Coconnas is appointed to the household of the Duke of Alençon, to which La Mole already belongs. The duke, out of opposition to his brothers, the king and the Duke of Anjou, has a leaning towards the Huguenot party. De Mouy, a Protestant leader, whose father has been assassinated by Maurevel, comes in disguise to the Louvre, to communicate with Henry of Navarre, in the sincerity of whose conversion the Huguenots do not believe. Henry, however, who knows that the walls of the Louvre have ears, refuses to listen to De Mouy, and declares himself Catholic to the backbone; and De Mouy, despairing and indignant, leaves the king's apartment. The Duke of Alençon, who has overheard their conference, as Henry suspected, stops the Huguenot emissary, and shows a disposition to put himself at the head of that party and become King of Navarre. There is a great deal of intrigue and manoeuvring very skillfully managed by Henry, who makes D'Alençon believe, that he has no wish to become any thing more than a simple country-gentleman, and that he is willing to aid him in his ambitious designs. He proposes that they should watch for an opportunity of leaving Paris and repairing to Navarre. Before the negotiations between the two princes are completed, however, the Duke of Anjou has been elected King of Poland, and has had his election ratified by the Pope; and D'Alençon then begins to think that it would be advisable to remain at Paris on the chance of himself becoming King of France. Charles IX is delicate and sickly, subject to tremendous outbursts of passion which leave him weak and exhausted; his life is not likely to be a long one. Should he die, and even if the Poles should allow their new king to return to France, D'Alençon would have time, he thinks, before the arrival of the latter, to seize upon the vacant throne. Even the reversion of the crown of Poland would perhaps be preferable to the possession of that of Navarre. Whilst ruminating these plans, one of the king's frequent hunting parties takes place in the forest of Bondy, and is attended by all the royal family except the Duke of Anjou, then absent at the siege of La Rochelle. At this hunting party the following striking incidents occur.

The piqueur who had told the king that the boar was still in the enclosure, had spoken the truth. Hardly was the bloodhound put upon the scent, when he plunged into a thicket, and drove the animal, an enormous one of its kind, from its retreat in a cluster of thorn-bushes. The boar made straight across the road, at about fifty paces from the king. The leashes of a score of dogs were immediately slipped, and the eager hounds rushed headlong in pursuit.

The chase was Charles's strongest passion. Scarcely had the boar crossed the road, when he spurred after him, sounding the view upon his horn, and followed by the Duke of Alençon, and by Henry of Navarre. All the other chasseurs followed.

The royal forests, at the period referred to, were not, as at present, extensive parks intersected by carriage roads. Kings had not yet had the happy idea of becoming timber-merchants, and of dividing their woods into *tailles* and *futaies*. The trees, planted, not by scientific foresters, but by the hand of God, who let the seed fall where the wind chose to bear it, were not arranged in quincunxes, but sprang up without order, and as they now do in the virgin forests of America. Consequently a forest at that period was a place in which boars and stags, wolves and robbers, were to be found in abundance.

The wood of Bondy was surrounded by a circular road, like the tire of a wheel, and crossed by a dozen paths which might be called the spokes. To complete the comparison, the axle was represented by a *carrefour*, or open space, in the centre of the wood, whence all these paths diverged, and whither any of the sportsmen who might be thrown out were in the habit of repairing, till some sight or sound of the chase enabled them to rejoin it.

At the end of a quarter of an hour it happened, as it usually did at these hunts, that insurmountable obstacles had opposed themselves to the progress of the hunters, the baying of the hounds had become inaudible in the distance, and the king himself had returned to the *carrefour*, swearing and cursing according to his custom.

"Well, D'Alençon! Well, Henriot!" cried he—"here you are, mordieu! as calm and as quiet as nuns following their abbess. That is not hunting! You, D'Alençon—you look as if you had just come out of a bandbox; and you are so perfumed, that if you got between the boar and my dogs, you would make them lose the scent. And you, Henriot—where is your boar-spear? Where your arquebuss?"

"Sire," replied Henry, "an arquebuss would be useless to me. I know

that your majesty likes to shoot the boar himself when it is brought to bay. As to the spear, I handle it very clumsily. We are not used to it in our mountains, where we hunt the bear with nothing but a dagger."

"By the *mordieu*, Henry, when you return to your Pyrenees you shall send me a cart-load of bears. It must be noble sport to contend with an animal that can stifle you with a hug. But hark! I hear the dogs! No, I was mistaken."

The king put his horn to his mouth and sounded a fanfare. Several horns replied to him. Suddenly a *piqueur* appeared sounding a different call.

"The view! the view!" cried the king; and he galloped off, followed by the other sportsmen.—[Remainder next week.]

#### THE GREAT WELLINGTON STATUE.

On Saturday a considerable party of scientific and literary men and artists were admitted to Mr. M. C. Wyatt's studio to witness the run of 17 tons of metal, as a cast of (chiefly) the forequarters of the horse in this noble equestrian group. The flow of so large a quantity of molten metal from the furnace to the receptacle whence it descends to fill the mould is a very grand and remarkable phenomenon, affording a perfect idea of a volcanic eruption. The furnace (a sea of luminous brightness which the eye cannot look upon except at a distance, and the fervent heat of which is felt far in the open air) is *tapped* in the interior of the building, by a long iron rod being beat against a lower vent; and the imprisoned fluid gushes out with tremendous fury and wonderful beauty into a channel prepared for its conduct. The dazzling red stream throws up clouds of vapour of every prismatic hue, the green tinge prevailing; but blues, yellows, and various gradations of red, rolling along both in these clouds and in flames emitted from, accompanying, and hovering over, the lava torrent. In the course of a few yards it is discharged into the pit made ready for it, and loosely covered with ashes, &c., to render it perfectly dry and prevent explosion. Herein the metal circulates, producing many curious and brilliant effects; till, by a mechanical contrivance, four iron plugs are raised, and it descends into the unseen mould below, where the portion of the design to be executed in the bronze is carefully and skilfully disposed (with minute labour) to receive this enduring form. At this time the air vents communicating with, or rather leading from, this inferior chamber (eight or ten little chimneys), burst forth the perfect resemblance of volcanic craters, and casting forth smoke, flames, sulphur, scoria, &c., in a striking manner. Altogether, the scene is worthy of a Schiller to describe it; and we rejoice to say, that in this instance, as far as can be surmised from probing the vents, the cast appeared to have filled every part, and to have perfectly succeeded. If it should so turn out when the hot mass can be fully examined, in a week or so, the sculptor will have nothing more to do with the prodigious chance of casting on a large scale, but with a few slight pieces have completed this unparalleled undertaking.

The arch at Hyde Park Corner, the entrance to the Queen's gardens, we may remind our readers, is to be crowned with this magnificent group; and we trust that 1846 will see the extraordinary spectacle of transporting and raising such a mass to its assigned position made a national festival at which the living Hero will be present to receive the grateful plaudits of his country.—*Literary Gazette*.

WANTED.—The first volume of the Anglo American, for which a liberal price will be paid.

DIED.—At his father's residence, St. Urbain-street, Montreal, on Saturday morning, the 4th inst., Robert Armour, Jr., Esq., Advocate and Barrister at Law of this Province, and Law Clerk of the Honorable the Legislative Council, aged 38.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9 3-4 a 9 7-8 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1845.

It was not without strong misgivings that we read the announcement, in the English Journals, that her Majesty was about to make a progress through the German States, we hazarded a few words of comment on the project at the time, and we regret that our fears have been realized. It is true that we have hailed, more than once, the notion that the spirited Queen of the British Empire could break through the hitherto impenetrable wall of Etiquette by which courts are surrounded, and enter personally into social conference with others in a similar high and dignified station; but we did not by that infer that she should render herself familiar with the homes, the petty cravings, and the pitiful pride of the numerous titled chiefs, sprung from the ancient great robbers of Germany and now called *Princes* of "Royal blood."

England has been a glorious milch cow to Germany, ever since the ascension of George I. to the British throne, and the Germans of the petty states have never been unwilling to milk her—or indeed any state cow that would yield her treasure—pretty freely. The anecdote of George I. which has now passed into a joke, and is recorded in the pages of Mr. Joseph Miller, is terse and apposite enough on this head. That monarch, it is said, upon a certain occasion travelling towards his patrimonial dominions of Hanover, happened to stop at a hotel to take refreshment. The King ate a couple of eggs, for which a sum equivalent to two guineas were charged. The officer in attendance whose duty it was to pay casual expenses asked if eggs were so scarce in Germany, "no, sir," was the reply, "but Kings are."

Thus it has been in the late progress of her majesty through the little states of "the wee bit German lairdie;" wherever she came the cry has almost literally been "give, give." The Queen has been wise enough to respond to the call, but they have shown themselves inclined to dictate the amount. Now they forget that their earliest benefactors on the English throne had not only foreign revenues and immense civilities from the English Parliaments, but has also given personal affection for their German possessions and people. But besides that the income of King William IV. was very considerably below that of



his predecessor George IV., and that of Victoria considerably less than the income of her royal predecessor and uncle, William IV., the Queen has not one foot of German dominion not one thaler of German revenue, and is the fifth in regular descent of English birth. Moreover she keeps within the bounds of her allotted revenue, comparatively small as it is, and does not run into debt to lavish money upon foreigners. Queen Victoria is generous but she is just, and as the rapacious on the European continent are dissatisfied, we trust she will trouble them no more.

**COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT**—This annual solemnity took place on Tuesday last, the 7th inst., at the Tabernacle, Broadway. The place was well selected as regards accommodation to the immense numbers who congregate on such occasions, but by no means so with reference to the lungs of the orators of the day. The morning was very lowering at the time that the procession moved from the College, but it did not prevent the gathering of visitors, the immense building being filled to absolute repletion.

The President opened the exercises with prayer, after which the salutary addresses in Greek, Latin, and English, were severally and ably delivered by Messrs. Lefroy Ravenhill, John L. Elmendorf, and George B. Draper. The following were then successively given:—1st. "On Moral Courage," an oration by Mr. John K. Adams; 2d. "The Falling Leaf," an Essay by Mr. David B. Ogden, Jun.; 3d. "Maniology," an Essay by Mr. George T. Elliott; 4th. "An Oration in German," by Mr. Henry Onderdonk; 5th. "The Head and the Heart," an Oration by Mr. Aaron B. Reid; 6th. "Whither are we tending?" an Oration by ———; 7th. "Nature and Art," a Poem by Mr. John A. Taggard; and 8th. "On the influence of an author's character," an Essay by Mr. Frederick S. Talmadge. We are bound to say that these subjects were generally well handled, and contained less of inflated style than is generally exhibited at these times. Certain crudities, some over-imagination, and occasionally a mistaken notion here and there, are inseparable from the performances of young men who can have had little opportunity to do more than theorise; nevertheless there were marks of strong and vigorous thought in every one of these productions, and the speakers did themselves and their Alma Mater great credit.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on Lefroy Ravenhill, John J. Elmendorf, John Drake, George B. Draper, George T. Elliott, Jr., George A. Jones, Henry Onderdonk, John K. Adams, James Anderson, Francis S. Cottenet, Wm. A. Falls, Geo. Irving, Saml. T. Jones, John W. Leavitt, Jr., Alex. McCue, Charles A. Minton, David B. Ogden, Jr., Aaron B. Reid, Stephen K. Stanton, John A. Taggard, Frederick S. Talmadge, and Pierre M. Van Wyck.

Henry B. Wainwright received the honorary degree of A.B., and that of A.M. in course was conferred on John P. Van Ness, Rev. John H. Hill, Rev. W. H. Parmelee, Abram S. Hewitt, David Thomson, Jr., Geo. W. L. Newton, Oliver E. Roberts, Wm. H. Harrison, Jr., Clement Moore, Wm. G. Banks, and Frederick Frye.

The honorary degree of A.M. was conferred on Edward Cooper and Charles Hewitt.

The degree of D.D. on the Right Rev. Horatio Southgate, and Rev. J. W. M. Cullock.

The degree of L.L.D. on the Rev. Bird Wilson and the Hon. Daniel D. Barnard.

Mr. Alexander M'Cue delivered the Valedictory address, the subject of which was "Public Opinion," in the course of which he most appropriately and feelingly introduced observations on the death of two members of his class who within the academical year have been lost to their friends and their country. This touching remembrance is always grateful though melancholy to the hearers, and may be said to have been the Tears of Alma Mater for the loss of promising children.

The ceremonies were all concluded by half-past two o'clock.

**ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.**—The concourse during the current week to this Fair, which is held on the spacious premises at Niblo's has been, and continues to be immense. It must be evident that Fairs of this kind do great service to the cause of home manufactures and mechanism from the circumstance that every year it becomes more and more difficult to lay out the area of display so as to meet the wants of the exhibitors, and that each successive year the visitors become more numerous and the emoluments increase. This is the 18th Anniversary, and well does it deserve the close attention both of citizens and of strangers who may be at this juncture in the city. Specimens are still being brought in, and it will be advisable to delay a general report of the Fair until next week.

On Tuesday evening, J. J. Mapes, Esq., President of the Institute, delivered an elaborate and suitable address on the nature and utility of Fairs according to the principle here carried out. He detailed the advantages which have resulted to Agriculture, to science, to the useful and even to the Fine Arts, to inventions, to discoveries, to improvements of all sorts, to the encouragement of genius and industry, to the stand which the country takes as compared with other lands on all these matters, and to various important incidental circumstances which came not directly within the plan of the Institution. In doing this, Mr. Mapes was forcible in his illustrations, and gave high satisfaction to his numerous auditory. We shall resume this subject in our next.

**MUSICAL CONVENTION.**—A musical Convention has been held at the Tabernacle, Broadway, during the last few days of the current week, the principal objects of which our readers will understand by the following brief account of proceedings. We confess that we do not augur great effects immediately from

what has just taken place, but most sincerely we rejoice to perceive the spirit which actuates those who took part in it, and we feel satisfied that by patience and perseverance, much good will be obtained.

The Convention was opened on Tuesday, the 7th inst., and the first day was occupied in choosing a President, Vice President, and other officers, members of the standing Committee, &c., agreeably to the constitution of the Committee, of which the following is a brief account.

#### CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CONVENTION.

ART. 1. This Association shall be called the AMERICAN MUSICAL CONVENTION.

ART. 2. The object of the Convention shall be to consider the best methods of advancing the cause of Music, and of promoting its general cultivation.

ART. 3. There shall be an annual meeting of the Convention.

ART. 4. The officers of the Convention shall be a President, two Vice Presidents, two Secretaries, and a Standing Committee of five persons, all of whom shall be chosen at the first meeting of each annual session.

ART. 5, 6 and 7, define the duties of the President, Vice President, and Secretaries.

ART. 8. The Standing Committee shall prepare business for the action of the Convention by presenting subjects for discussion, and proposing any measures that the purposes of the Convention may require.

ART. 9 and 10, are of minor import, and need not here be described.

On Wednesday the 8th The Standing Committee of five, prepared and presented their list of subjects which they deemed proper for discussion, leaving it to the votes of the Convention which to take up, in what order to do so, and which might be most properly left out if necessary. They were to the following effect, viz: 1. What are the most prominent obstacles to the advancement of Sacred Music?—2. What are the practical benefits of oratorical singing to Psalmody?—3. How can musical instruments be used in churches to edification?—4. How far does good performance of Sacred Music depend on the ability to sing at sight?—5. How far the cultivation of secular music may be expected to conduce to the advancement of Sacred Music?—6. What are the best means of sustaining competent leaders?—7. Should Churches be responsible for the superintendence and maintenance of Sacred Music in each?—8. What are the best means of diffusing music, popularly considered?—9. What are the advantages of Quartett Chorus?—10. To what extent are churches deriving benefit from religious music, and to what causes is the failure of this attributable?—11. Should not a distinct and conscientious reference be had, in the cultivation of Sacred Music, to the religious objects to be secured by it?—12. Is the cultivation of general musical taste applicable to religious influence in music?—13. Consideration of religious music for secular purposes?—14. Can Religious meetings of Choirs for lyrical purposes be rendered of good advantage, and how can they best be brought about?—15. What are the duties of Christian ministers with regard to their choirs?—16. Would it be advantageous to make music a regular branch of general education?—17. What are the best methods of teaching Sacred Music?

The President, Cyrus P. Smith Esq., of Brooklyn, read these propositions, and requested the house to choose the first subject. The eighth was selected, and after much discussion thereon, it was finally resolved, that a Committee of Eleven be appointed by the President to consider of the best plan in their opinion for carrying out the matter in question, who should report to the Convention before the close of its labors. The Committee so appointed consisted of the following gentlemen, viz. U. C. Hill, Esq. first vice President, Rev. Dr. Hooker, Dr. Hodges, Rev. C. H. Read, Messrs. A. D. Paterson, Otis, Peebles, Hastings, Taylor, Warringer, and Kingsley.

At 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, a lecture was delivered by Edward Hodges, Esq. Mus. D. which almost covered the ground delegated to the consideration of the Committee. It was lucid, pertinent and scholarlike, the audience applauded it fervently and loudly, and at its close a motion of thanks, with a request that the Dr. would permit it to be printed, was carried by acclamation.

The Committee met on Thursday morning but had not presented a Report when we went to press on yesterday. The general convention was still in discussion of the points to which we have already adverted.

**FINE ARTS**—It is but fair to a very young but very promising artist, the son of one who has long done honour to the Fine Arts, to notice a couple of copies which demonstrate the growing powers of the neophyte. We allude to the copy in oil, of the subject "Old Rip Van Winkle, perceiving his son leaning against a tree," which the young artist, a son of Mr. T. S. Commings, has executed from a mere engraving, the original being but a drawing, by Leslie, and to a copy from the much admired picture of "Uncle Toby looking into the eye of the Widow Wadman;" the latter copy may be seen at the Art Union, Broadway, and the former at the Carver and Gilder's Store, just below Leonard Street.

#### Music.

**MR. TEMPLETON'S MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.**—This celebrated vocalist,—perhaps the finest English tenor now living will give his first entertainment on Wednesday evening next the 15th inst. at Palmo's Opera House. He will divide the performance into three parts, which will be severally designated "The Rose," "The Shamrock," "The Thistle." Under each of these heads Mr. Templeton will discourse and will illustrate his subject by the favourite airs of "Sally in our Alley," "Tell her I love her," and "Old Towler" in the division called "The Rose;" by "Meeting of the Waters," "We may roam thro' this world," and "The Minstrel boy," in the division called "The Shamrock;" and by "John Anderson my jo," "A man's a man for a' that,"



"There lives a young lassie," and "The laird o' Cockpen," in the division called the Thistle. Mr. Templeton will likewise sing, in the course of the evening, the song which may be styled his, on own account of his great superiority in singing it,—"I love her, how I love her."

Mr. Templeton's Second entertainment will be given on Friday evening, and will consist of that which he gave at Ayr last year, in commemoration of Burns the Scottish Poet.

\*. Beethoven's celebrated Oratorio of "the Mount of Olives" was given on Thursday evening; but we cannot notice it until next week.

### Cricketer's Chronicle.

#### GRAND CRICKET MATCH.

BETWEEN THE PRINCIPAL ELEVEN OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CLUB OF NEW YORK AND OF THE UNION CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

This earnest but friendly trial of skill was begun on Monday last, the 6th inst., on the ground of the St. George's Club, near the Bloomingdale Road. The ground was in excellent condition in consequence of the previous rains, and it was previously agreed that the players should be on the field betimes, in order, if possible, to play the Match out in one day. The St. George's men, however, came late; they were first put to the bat, Wheatcroft and Groom coming to the wickets, against the bowling of Dudson and Rouse, both of whom are very skilful round bowlers, as the result of the first innings shewed. The first to fall was Groom, who was prettily caught out at the cover-point by Sutcliffe after making one run. 1 wicket, 4 runs. He was succeeded by Tinson whom Dudson speedily dispatched. 2 wickets, 8 runs. Then came Bristow whose heavy batting was cut short by Blackburne, who caught him neatly at the point. 3 wickets, 10 runs. Next came Wright who was put out, leg before wicket, at the very first ball. After him came Green who took twenty balls but only made one run off them, and was finally disposed of by Rouse. 5 wickets, 15 runs. Syme now took the bat and it became Wheatcroft's fate to succumb, John Ticknor catching him handsomely at the Short Slip. 6 wickets, 19 runs. Brown succeeded him, and his career would have been a very short one if J. Nicholls had not missed a catch at the Long Stop; as it was, he made his score up to four, and then had his bails lowered by Rouse. 7 wickets, 27 runs. Bates now assumed the bat, and made a splendid four to the leg, but although he remained in for some time afterwards he could not make another run, Rouse at length dispatched him. 8 wickets, 35 runs. Nash was the next to take the bat, but he was not so fortunate as at Philadelphia, for Dudson took his stumps at the fourth ball, without a run. 9 wickets, 38 runs. Wild went in last; he made a fine two hit, but afterwards he was run out, whilst making a hazardous attempt. 10 wickets, 42 runs. The inning lasted 1½ hours, and 138 balls were delivered.

The players then took luncheon, and at 2:20 the Union Club assumed the bat against the bowling of Groom and Wright; Robert Ticknor and Turner commencing. The pair continued together until they made the score 37, when R. Ticknor was finally bowled out by Wright. Whilst they were in together it happened, as it frequently does, that the greater part of the batting fell to Turner. 1 wicket, 37 runs. Dudson succeeded R. Ticknor, but his house was upset at the first ball by Wright. 2 wickets, no addition. John Ticknor then took the bat; he made three handsome twos, and was put out leg before wicket, an old and usual fault of his. 3 wickets, 46 runs. Next came Rouse, a fine free hitter, but he did not last long, for Syme presently caught him at the mid-wicket. 4 wickets, 49 runs. The veteran Bradshaw next came to the bat, but Turner's time was now come; after making his own score 31, in which were a 4, two threes, and six twos, he was disposed of at the Short Slip by Bristow. 5 wickets, 56 runs. Sutcliffe then came to the wicket, and fell by the hands of Wright. 6 wickets, 69 runs. O. P. Blackburne was his successor, who soon retired, leg before wicket. 7 wickets, 71 runs. Fell was the next to come in and it became Bradshaw's fate to give in, for Tinson caught him at the wicket keeper's end. 8 wickets, 83 runs. Hawthorn succeeded him, but he was presently caught by Bristow at the Short Slip. 9 wickets, no addition. The last batsman was J. Nicholls who made a two, and two ones, and was apparently getting into good batting, when Fell was run out, and Nicholls brought his bat out. 10 wickets, 88 runs. The inning lasted 140 minutes, in the course of which 230 balls were bowled.

As it yet wanted 20 minutes to 5 o'clock it was thought advisable to proceed with the second innings; accordingly in a quarter of an hour play was called, and Bates and Syme of the St. George's party assumed the bat against the formidable bowling of Dudson and Rouse. Bates made a splendid three hit, but Rouse soon knocked his bails off. 1 wicket, 4 runs. Wright was his successor. Syme was not long in following him, being caught at the Short Slip by J. Ticknor. 2 wickets, 5 runs. Tinson succeeded him. Wright and Tinson continued to bat together until Sundown at which time the entire score was 11. They were playing with great care, for the game was evidently much uphill, and the bowling was capital.

Tuesday morning was hazy, and the ground was not fit to be played on before noon. At 11:52, however, Wright and Tinson resumed their bats. Tinson was the first to fall being run out. 3 wickets, 28 runs. Bristow succeeded him, and was also run out. 4 wickets, 33 runs. Wheatcroft then took the bat, and Wright's turn to retire had arrived. He had been playing a steady game, but Blackburne caught him at the point. 5 wickets, 36 runs. Wild was the next, who, however, soon got his walking ticket, as leg before wicket. 6 wickets, 40 runs. Now came Groom to the scratch, and in fine playing order; and now Wheatcroft's doom was sealed; he had made two splendid threes and a two, but Bradshaw, who had relieved Rouse as bowler, tickled his antagonist's

stumps. 7 wickets, 44 runs. Brown was his successor, and he and Groom played with great spirit and success together; in Brown's score were a fine three and a two, but Dudson at length made an entrance into his house. 8 wickets, 64 runs. Green came next but was quickly run out. 9 wickets, no addition. Nash was the last, but he never got one solitary ball, for, coming in at an over, and his partner, Groom, being caught by J. Ticknor at Short Slip, his sad fate was much like that of "The King of France and 20,000 men," who "all went up a hill and all came down again." In Groom's score, there were four fine twos. The total was 10 wickets, 66 runs. The style of bowling in this inning may be understood by Cricketers when we state that Wright was in, altogether 1h. 36m, took 84 balls, and only made 8 runs off them, and that Tinson was in 1h. 2m, took 59 balls, and only made 1 run off them. The inning lasted 2 3/4 hours, 266 balls were bowled, and the average of the score to the bowling was about 1½ runs to each over.

It was now 2 o'clock; the parties took luncheon, and at 3 the Union Club went in, for their second inning. Turner and R. Ticknor, as before, commencing. R. Ticknor fell, being caught at the Long Slip by Nash. 1 wicket, 10 runs. Bradshaw took his place, and, with Turner finished the game in 42 minutes, with nine wickets to go down. Thus placing the St. George's players, here, in precisely the same situation, as that in which the Union Club players was placed last week in Philadelphia.

The umpires were Mr. F. Blackburne for the Union Club, and Mr. Spawforth for the St. George's Club; the scorers were Messrs. — Emmett and A. D. Paterson. The following is the score:—

#### ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Wheatcroft, c. J. Ticknor, b. Dudson	6	b. Bradshaw	8
Groom, c. Sutcliffe, b. Nicholls	1	c. J. Ticknor, b. Rouse	9
Tinson, b. Dudson	1	run out	1
Bristow, c. Blackburne, b. Rouse	1	run out	1
Wright, leg before wicket	0	c. Blackburne, b. Bradshaw	8
Green, b. Rouse	1	run out	0
Syme, not out	3	c. J. Ticknor, b. Rouse	1
Brown, b. Rouse	4	b. Dudson	9
Bates, b. Rouse	4	b. Rouse	3
Nash, b. Dudson	0	not out	0
Wild, run out	2	leg before wicket	0
Byes, Nicholls	11	Nicholls 9, Dudson 3	12
Wide, Dudson 3, Rouse 5	8	Rouse 7, Bradshaw 5, Dudson 1	13
No Balls	0	Rouse	1
Total	42	Total	66

#### UNION CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
R. Ticknor, b. Wright	6	c. Nash, b. Wright	1
Turner, c. Bristow, b. Groom	31	not out	14
Dudson, b. Wright	0		
J. Ticknor, leg before wicket	6		
Rouse, c. Syme, b. Groom	1		
Bradshaw, c. Tinson, b. Groom	7	not out	4
Sutcliffe, b. Wright	6		
O. P. Blackburne, l. before wicket	0		
Fell, run out	9		
Hawthorn, c. Bristow, b. Groom	0		
J. Nicholls, not out	4		
Byes, Bates	15	Bates	3
Wide, Groom	3		
Total	88	Total	22

Nine wickets to go down.

The following challenge from the Toronto Club has been sent to us for insertion:—

**Challenge.**—The Toronto Cricket Club has observed, not without surprise, a statement in certain New York papers, that the recent Cricket Matches, "Home and Home," at Montreal and New-York, were between the St. George's Club, against "All Canada."

The T. C. C. consider the term "All Canada," as inapplicable to the "eleven" who recently defeated the so-called St. George's Club—inasmuch as the Cricketers of *Upper Canada* were comparatively unrepresented in that "eleven" while of those *resident in Toronto* only one took part in the contest.

The T. C. C. therefore, in vindication of its "sectional" position as composed of Canada Cricketers, feels called upon to object against in the most unequivocal manner, and to repudiate altogether, the application of the designation "All Canada" in connexion with the recent matches, as referred to.

In order to place their objection in a forcible light, and rest their vindication on broad grounds, the Toronto Cricket Club—meaning thereby its *bona fide* members, habitually playing and practicing on the ground and resident within the city and its vicinity, and who, with one exception (D. Winckworth), are wholly distinct from the "eleven" who represented the Montreal Club—do hereby, single-handed, and exclusive of all foreign assistance, challenge the St. George's Club, and ground, as it was constituted on the occasion of the recent matches, viz: combining the auxiliary strength of Philadelphia with that of the St. George's Club, to play a single game of two innings, to come off on the Toronto ground any time during the present month of October.

It is not the practice of the T. C. C. to play *Cricket for money*; but as an inducement to the St. George's Club and ground to avail of this opportunity of acquiring an easy victory over a "sectional party in Canada," and bring on against a mere Toronto "eleven" the same force that so stoutly challenged and at Montreal and New York played against so-called "all Canada," a small stake, to cover expenses, say to the extent of fifty sovereigns, will not be objected to, should the St. George's Club and ground desire it. On behalf of the Club, SECRETARY T. C. C.

Toronto, October 1st, 1845.



II. We have been somewhat dilatory in answering the question of our Cincinnati friend. The bowler may carry his hand as far as he pleases above his shoulder when preparing to deliver a ball, but it must neither be actually nor even doubtfully above his shoulder in the opinion of the umpire, at the very moment of delivery, else it would be a "No Ball."

Mr. Editor,—I perceive that your discriminating contemporary of The Albion, in attempting to clear himself from the reproach of "A Canada Cricketer," states that he expunged the word *All* from his proof, making our challenge to be to *Canada*. I would like to know whether "Canada" at present does not mean "*All Canada*," and if not, what constitutes the difference. A Canadian editor states that he inserts the observation in The Albion, "in justice to the Editor." Query—Is the Canadian laughing at the New Yorker?

Yours &amp;c.

A ST. GEORGE'S CRICKETER.

### The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Kean are the "bright particular stars" now in the ascendant here; their performance on Tuesday evening was one of the greatest attractions we have had during many years. We do not only allude to the Hamlet of Mr. C. Kean, though that is a character in which he is more eminently distinguished than any other in his rôle, but the Ophelia of Mrs. Kean was the real novelty, and in fact was a one thing needful in that celebrated play. The Ophelia is seldom assigned to a first rate artist, from the mere circumstance that it is deemed advisable to have an actress who can sing pleasingly in the mad scenes. The consequence is that all the delicately beautiful touches of female character with which Shakespeare has invested it and which have been so forcibly adverted to by Mrs. Jameson and other discriminating writers, are lost to the audience, who receive instead a few passable notes of vocal music without orchestral accompaniment. In the case on which we now comment, however, there was all the exquisite discrimination, propriety, and force which the fine talents of Mrs. Kean—and perhaps she only, of living artists—could throw into the part, and quite as much musical sweetness as generally falls to the lot of a representative of Ophelia. It was a treat, and we trust it will be repeated again and again, before these fine performers finally retire from among us. We have just read that "Mr. Bass was droll in the part of Polonius;" we have not patience with the expression. Polonius is garrulous, and so far as garrulity is the concomitant of age, it should be respected. Now such is the case in the structure of this character, for Polonius is a gentleman, a wise courtier, and a scholar; in fact he is a study, and as such he has been regarded by his best representatives in this country,—we mean H. Placide and Chippendale. Mr. and Mrs. Kean have appeared this week in "Much ado about nothing," and "As you like it." We cannot add to their former praise in the parts they act in these comedies, it is sufficient that they well sustain the high reputation they enjoy.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The Dog of Cony and Blanchard continues to attract wonderfully by his sagacity and his remarkable performances. All other matters are minor at present, and the house is nightly filled to witness the doings of this remarkable animal.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Theatre was densely filled during the first three nights of this week, to witness the performance of a new 5 Act Comedy, written by Epes Sargent Esq., and called "Change makes Change." We hardly know how to describe this piece, which abounds, however, in disjointed incidents of a broad and farcical nature, but are rather caricatures than highly coloured pictures of life. The title itself is not a very happy one, but the words of it serve for the characters to play upon at the close or epilogue. There are many localisms in the structure of the dialogue and the nature of the characters; thus Nathan Bunker is the *real* hero of the comedy, a down-east Yankee, cute and knowing, always ready and able to detect whatever is amiss, Tamper and Driftwood a couple of "Loafers" who first hang about the Steam boat landings, and afterwards enrich themselves by swindling the unwary. Besides these, are an utter nincompoop of a husband, Lionheart, and a most noisy termagant of a wife, Mrs. Lionheart; a romantic lover from Iowa, Vanquish and his beloved, an orphan, Madeline; a ridiculous septagenarian bachelor, Remnant; a fiery sea-captain, Madeline's brother, Fitzhugh; and his charming wife, Fanny; and, to finish as forcibly as we began, a capital specimen of a spider brusher Nelly. We do not remember to have witnessed a better cast of a comedy these many years, and to this circumstance the piece owes much, for they kept the house in convulsions of laughter; but we must say that the best acting was on the part of Chippendale as Nathan Bunker, and Mrs. Watts as Nelly. On Wednesday evening the author took his benefit, and we were happy to perceive a full and fashionable house. The bills announced the play for "the last time." We confess that we are unwilling to admit this play into the ranks of Comedy, albeit it is in five acts. It does not propound one principle, it does not inculcate one moral, it does not display any knowledge of the world beneath the surface, consequently it does not afford even a practical lesson of conduct; it merely amuses during its hour of representation and must pass away as a literary ephemeron.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Mitchell, ever fruitful in resources is continually producing novelties which fill his theatre. We perceive, but have not yet had opportunity to witness it, a new burlesque called "The Masked Ball" founded we presume on the opera of "Gustavus." Of this we must speak hereafter.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The veritable Jim Crow (Rice) is playing Otello and other characters here, Mrs. Jones has likewise an engagement at this house.

### Literary Notices.

HAZLITT'S "TABLE TALK," Second Series, Part I.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—Another worthy accession to the Series called "Books which are Books." Hazlitt, as an essayist has no superior at the present day; his critical acumen, and his knowledge of the world, have caused his writings to be considered British Classics.

THE WIGWAM AND THE CABIN.—By William Gilmore Simms.—New York: Wiley and Putnam.—Mr. Simms is greatly entitled to the cognomen of the American Scott, for he has been assiduous and successful in rummaging up the Traditions and describing the traditions of the southerners of the Union. This volume contains five tales, all illustrative of these things, and most ably done.

BIG ABEL AND THE LITTLE MANHATTAN.—By Cornelius Mathews.—New York, Wiley & Putnam.—Mr. Mathews besides being a forcible writer, is a keen satirist, and there is always something racy to be found in whatever flows from his pen.

WANDERINGS OF A PILGRIM UNDER THE SHADOW OF MONT BLANC.—By George B. Cheever, D.D.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.—The author of this interesting work is a scholar, emphatically a Christian, he is also an observer, and a most judicious selector of matter in the course of his "wanderings." Hence his volume is replete with interest, and must be largely read.

These last three works, belong to the Series called "Library of American Books."

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE, No. 67—8.—Whether it be that these enterprising publishers are now fully occupied with their new and valuable "Series"—in which we wish them all imaginable success,—or whether from any other cause, the "Shakespeare" rather lingers in its progress. We regret this, for it is beautifully put forth, and more ably edited; and as it must necessarily be a long protracted publication, we trust it will not meet with any avoidable delay. The present double number completes the "All's well that ends well."

MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE, Part X.—The embellishments in the number of the fine edition before us, is "The Death of Abel." It is an elegant design but we think the execution is hardly equal to that of the previous plates.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR OCTOBER, 1845.—Our opinion respecting the general literary merits of this excellent journal, have been frequently and favourably given. The number before us is worthy of its predecessors, and it is embellished with a portrait of Cave Johnson, Esq., Postmaster General.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW FOR SEPTEMBER, 1845.—The Westminster is rich in this number, which contains able articles on, 1st Shakespeare criticism and acting; 2nd Schlosser's History of the 18th Century; 3d Fresco Painting; 4th Disraeli's "Sybil"; 5th Humboldt's "Kosmos"; 6th Popular works, on Natural History; and 7th Railway Improvement.

A TREE WITHIN A TREE!—A remarkable curiosity in natural history is in the possession of Mr. J. D. Davie, joiner, of Wooler, which he procured by purchase from Mr. Culleh Esq of Fowberry. This extraordinary production of Dame Nature consists of an elm tree, to which, after it was felled he observed a circular opening round its centre. A foot and a half having been cut off the thick end, the middle piece or inner tree, slid out! There was found to be, in fact, a tree within a tree. The diameter of the outer trunk is about fifteen inches, and of the inner one a little more than a third of that length. The wood of both trees are perfectly solid and well formed. The inner one, however, has no ring, save a thin dark film. The whole length of the tree is about twenty feet. It is stated that there is a similar freak of nature in the shape of a double tree of the kind, to be seen in Kirkcaldy Museum.

THE MARONITES.—According to De Lamartine, the Maronites take their name from a hermit named Marron, who lived about the year 400; he resided in the desert; and his disciples having spread themselves over the different regions of Syria, built several monasteries, the chief of which stood in the vicinity of Apamea, on the fertile banks of the Orontes. All the Syrian Christians who were not then infected with the heresy of the Monothelites took refuge in these monasteries, and from this circumstance received the name of Maronites. Volney, who lived several months amongst them, has collected the best information as to their origin; it is nearly similar to what I myself drew from local traditions. Whatever it may have been, the Maronites form at present a tribe governed by the purest theocracy which has resisted the effects of time—a theocracy which, perpetually menaced by the tyranny of the Mahomedans, has been forced into moderation, and served to propagate principles of civil liberty, which are ripe for development amongst this people. The tribe, which, according to Volney, was in 1784 composed of 120,000 souls, at present reckons more than 200,000, and is increasing every day. Its territory comprehends 150 square leagues; but it has no certain limits, for it extends over the sides of Lebanon, or into the valleys and plains which surround it, in proportion as the increased population found new villages. The town of Zarkla, at the mouth of the valley of Bkaa, towards Balbek, which twenty years ago had not above 1,000 or 1,200 inhabitants, contains now 10,000 or 12,000, and is likely to augment.—Illustrated London News.

Extracts from the London Punch.

LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

"Oh! is there not something, dear Augustus, truly sublime in this warring of the elements?" But Augustus's heart was too full to speak.—*M.S. Novel, by Lady* \* \* \*

They met, 'twas in a storm,  
On the deck of a steamer;  
She spoke in language warm,  
Like a sentimental dreamer.  
He spoke—at least he tried;  
His position he altered;  
Then turn'd his face aside,  
And his deep-ton'd voice falter'd.

She gazed upon the wave,  
Sublime she declared it;



But no reply he gave—  
He could not have dared it.  
A breeze came from the south,  
Across the billows sweeping;  
His heart was in his mouth,  
And out he thought 'twas leaping.  
"O, then, Steward," he cried,  
With the deepest emotion;  
Then totter'd to the side,  
And leant o'er the ocean.  
The world may think him cold,  
But they'll pardon him with quickness,  
When the fact they shall be told,  
That he suffer'd from sea-sickness.

#### ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES OF HISTORIANS.

Monsieur Thiers has gone over to Spain for the purpose of collecting materials for his new History. He intends to visit, it is said, the principal battle-fields of the Peninsula. As all the smoke must have cleared away by this time, Monsieur Thiers will be able to look at each of them in its proper light. We hope, however, the ground has not shifted since the late war, or else Monsieur Thiers will fall into exactly the same error as the author of the *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, who, whenever he looked at a battle-field, found the ground after a lapse of years had turned so completely round, that the French, by some strange freak of nature, were always on the side of victory. But we are confident this will not be the case at Salamanca, Vittoria, and other places, when Monsieur Thiers goes over them. His History, when it is published, will effectually put to flight the absurd rumors that, we are sorry to say, are so much about that Monsieur Thiers has been sent out by the English Government, to prove the British troops did not win any battles of consequence in Spain, in order to justify the apparently harsh treatment the officers of the Peninsula have lately received from the Duke of Wellington.

*A Race for a Dinner.*—The Duke of Cambridge has gone to Germany, preceded by a *chef de cuisine*, as an *avant-courier*. The people at the Freemasons' Tavern speak of it as a new edition of *Cook's Voyages*.

*Notice of Ejection.*—It is now a rule of the British and Foreign Destrute that every member must procure an additional member within the next six months, or else pay a double subscription. "Double" is an ominous word. It suggests that awful alternative, "Quits." We are afraid that when the matter comes to be decided, it will be found that Mr. Silk Buckingham alone cries "double," but every member "quits."

#### DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

**FEVER AND AGUE, AND ALL FEVERS CURED BY DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.**—All fevers are occasioned by the disordered motion of the blood, produced by the humoral serosity by hardening the valves of the vessels. The blood circulates with greatly increased speed, and is still increased by the friction of the globules, or particles which compose the mass of fluids. Then it is that the excessive heat and chills is experienced throughout the whole system, and accompanied with great thirst, pain in the head, back, kidneys, and in fact a complete prostration of all the faculties of the mind as well as body.

On the first attack of fever, or any disease, immediately take a large dose of BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS, and continue to keep up a powerful effect upon the bowels until the fever or pain has entirely ceased. Six or eight will in most cases be sufficient as a first dose, and one dose of this kind it is not improbable, may prevent months of sickness, perhaps death.

DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS, are indeed a universally approved medicine, which by its peculiar action, cleanses the blood of all impurities, removes every PAIN and Weakness, and finally Restores the Constitution to perfect Health and Vigor.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeited. B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-street, New York; Mrs Booth's, 5 Market street, Brooklyn.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The Committee of management of the New York Philharmonic Society beg leave to inform the public that a subscription list for the Concerts of the ensuing season is now open at the store of Messrs. Scharfenberg & Luis, 361 Broadway.

As many complaints have been made of the want of room, the committee have been induced to remove the Concerts to Palmo's Opera House, Chambers Street.

Terms of subscription \$10 per annum, payable on delivery of the tickets for the first Concert, entitling the subscriber to three admissions to each of the four Concerts, with the privilege of purchasing two extra tickets for each Concert, at \$1.50 per ticket.—By order, JAMES L. ENSIGN, Sec'y.

**MRS. MANKIN**, residing in the Township of Yonkers, in Westchester, 16 miles from the city of New York, having opened a School for the Education of her own daughters, will receive ten or twelve other young Misses into her family to be educated with them.

The Fall term will commence the first Thursday in November. Circulars containing terms, &c., may be found at the office of the "Anglo American," No. 4 Barclay Street, Astor Building. Oct. 11 1m\*

#### MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE,

PART X.

Published this Day, Oct. 4,

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS,

CONTAINING A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING OF THE "DEATH OF ABEL."

THIS superb edition, with its rich Embellishments, the Publishers flatter themselves will be found the most complete of any yet issued, the plan is entirely original. It will be accompanied by a Dictionary of Hebrew and Greek proper names with their literal meanings—a most desirable appendage—and in order to secure a wide circulation is published at a price within reach of all. Oct. 4-2t. R. MARTIN & Co, 26 John Street.

#### PALMO'S OPERA HOUSE.

##### MR. TEMPLETON,

FROM the Theatres Drury Lane and Covent Garden, will have the honor of making his

##### FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA,

on Wednesday Evening, October 15th, 1845, in one of his popular

##### MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

Tickets 50 cents.—Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. For particulars see Programmes at the Music Stores. Oct. 11-1t.

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**F. RILEY & Co.**, (one of the oldest publishing houses and manufacturers of Instruments in the U. S.), keep constantly on hand a well assorted stock of Music, to which they add constantly, their own and all the new publications as soon as issued, which with their stock of Instruments (manufactured by themselves and imported) and other Musical merchandise enables them to fill any order they may be favored with in the United States, Canada, or the West Indies, with promptness and despatch.

Military bands supplied, and Instruments warranted. Orders from Schools and Academies solicited. Sept. 13-3m.

##### CHURCH.—PARLOUR AND CHURCH BARREL ORGANS.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture Organs in the most superior manner, and upon liberal terms.

Also, those most useful Instruments—Church Barrel Organs—of which he was the first to introduce into this country—and for country Churches where Organists cannot be procured, they are invaluable.—

He has been awarded the first Premiums, Viz. Gold and Silver Medals, for the best Organs, for the last six successive years, at the great Fair of the American Institute, of this city.

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder,

Aug. 23.—6m. 83 Anthony St. New York.

##### SPANISH GUITAR REPOSITORY,

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**LADIES AND AMATEURS** who are desirous of obtaining a Guitar equal to the Harp, are respectfully invited to stop at C. Rogers's Guitar Store where their orders will be gratefully received and punctually attended to.

Good toned second-hand Guitars to loan or hire.

[Sept. 13-2m\*]

##### NEW ORGAN.

**MR. GEORGE JARDINE**, of this city, having lately erected an Organ in the Prot. Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin St., the subscribers cannot refrain from expressing in the present form, their unqualified approbation of the Instrument, with which they have been furnished from his manufactory.

They also feel it to be due to that gentleman, to bear their decided testimony in favour of his character and conduct, as developed in their recent business transactions with him.

A person so liberal in his terms, and true to his engagements, so honourable in his dealings and courteous in his manners, can not fail (in their opinion) to commend himself to the confidence of the Religious community, as an Organ Builder; and to secure for himself a large share of public patronage in the line of his profession.

New York, July 14, 1845.

Signed by Jas. B. Hardenberg, Pastor of the Church. Ben. Wood, John Barringer, D. T. Blauvelt, Theo. Brett, Matthew Duff, Henry Esler, Leon'd. Bleecker, Stephen Williamson, Harman Blanwett, members of the consistory. C. N. B. Ostrander, Levi Appgar, Peter Vannest, Organ Committee.

Aug. 23 — 6m.

##### FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS, &c.

BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE U. S.

**CLIREHUGH'S TRICOPHEROUS** cures Baldness, prevents Grey hair entirely, and eradicates Scurf and Dandruff. This article differs from all the other advertised nostrums of the day. Its manufacture is based upon a thorough physiological knowledge of the growth of the hair and its connection with the skin, as well as a knowledge of the various diseases which affect both. The Tricopherous is not intended to anoint the hair with, its application is only to the skin, and to act through the skin on the nerves, blood vessels, &c., connected with the root or bulb of the hair. Thus by keeping up the action on the skin, encouraging a healthy circulation which must not be allowed to subside, the baldest head may be again covered with a new growth, and the greyest hair changed to its original colour. It is admirably adapted as a wash for the head, having the same effect upon Scurf and Dandruff that hot water has upon sugar, clearing every furaceous appearance from the skin, which is frequently the primary cause of baldness and grey hair. In most cases one bottle will stop the hair from falling off. Principal office 305 Broadway, (up stairs), adjoining St. Paul's, and sold by all respectable Druggists and Perfumers in the principal cities of the U. S., Canada, Cuba, Brazil, &c. Sept. 6-3m.

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Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his following low list of prices:—

Fine Dress and Frock Coats .....	\$12.00
Making and Trimming .....	5.00 to 8.00
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Making and Trimming .....	1.50 to 2.00
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The proprietor feels assured that for style and workmanship, he cannot be surpassed by any house in the city.

Gentlemen are requested to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. Aug. 30-tf.

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**GENTLEMEN** or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same. Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment. If All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to. My 34-1y.



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Further information as to course of study, and other particulars interesting to parents, may be obtained on application to Mr. Huddart, at his residence in Fourteenth Street.

B.—The regular academical year will commence on the 1st of September, after summer vacation.

The number of pupils being limited in the Day School, vacancies will be filled as they occur.

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A Medical Examiner is in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

[Sept. 6.]

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

### HOTEL DE PARIS.

ANTHONY VIGNES, one of the late proprietors of the Perkins House, Boston, respectfully informs his friends and the travelling public, that he has opened the house No. 290 Broadway, entrance on Reade Street, called the HOTEL DE PARIS, where he will be happy to accommodate those who may patronise him, with Board and Lodging, by the day, week or month, on the most reasonable terms.

The table will be furnished with the best the market affords, and the Wines and Liquors of very superior quality.

Oct. 4-3m.

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LECTURE LESSONS.		EXERCISE RIDING.	
16 Lessons.....	\$15 00	1 Month.....	\$12 00
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A card of address is requested previous to commencing.

Gentlemen keeping their horses in this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the school gratis. Aug 16—3m.

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The following testimony from one of our most distinguished practical Dentists will be considered sufficient evidence of its merits:—

New York, Dec. 19, 1844.

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M. LEVETT, Dentist.

260 Broadway, cor. Warren-street.

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### GUNTER'S DINING SALOON,

No. 147 Fulton Street, New York.

H. H. GUNTER having taken the above house, begs leave respectfully to inform his numerous friends in the City and Country that the Establishment has under his charge undergone a thorough renovation, and it now affords one of the most elegant and eligible places of refreshment in the City, for visitors or those whose business or professional pursuits require them to be in the lower part of the city during the hours of Meals.

H. H. G. would also assure those who may be disposed to favor him with their patronage, that while the viands shall in all cases be the best the markets can afford, the charges will at all times be confined within the limits of the most rigid economy. Open on Saturdays. Ju 14-6m.

### ROMAN EYE-BALSAM.

**GIVE US MORE LIGHT!**—The greatest and most exquisitely afflictive calamity that can possibly befall a person of refined taste, and who has a capacity for enjoying all the glorious sights in this beautiful world, is a disease of the eyes. The world itself would offer little satisfaction to the poor unfortunate suddenly deprived of sight; and even love and friendship lose one half of their sweetness when the object of endearment or affection can no longer be grasped by those delicate fingers of light which the soul puts out through the eyes to embrace whatever she holds dear. The blind! the dark! the dimly-seeing! now keen the commiseration their unhappy lot inspires! Is it not, then, something to be happy about that there has been discovered a Balsam that will cure—absolutely and effectually cure—weak, sore and inflamed eyes, which, unless treated in time, always increase, and generally lead to total blindness! Be warned in time, and go seek the remedy, while you can yet see your way.

The Roman Eye Balsam is a prescription of one of the most celebrated oculists—has been a long time in use, and is confidently recommended to the public as the best and most successful salve ever used for inflammatory diseases of the Eye. In cases where the eyelids are very inflamed, or the ball of the eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearance of disease after two or three applications. In dimness of sight, caused by fixed attention to minute objects, or by long exposure to a strong light, and in the weakness or partial loss of sight from sickness or old age, it is a sure restorer, and should be used by all who find their eyesight failing without any apparent disease. This Balsam has restored sight in many instances where almost total blindness, caused by excessive inflammation, had existed for years. Inflammation and soreness, caused by blows, contusions or wounds on the eye, or by extraneous bodies of an irritable nature introduced under the eyelids, is very soon removed by the application of the Balsam. One trial will convince the most incredulous of its astonishing efficacy. Put up in jars with full directions for use. Prepared and sold by A. B. SANDS & Co., Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st., Granite Building, and 79 Fulton-st.; 77 East Broadway. Sold also by Druggists generally, in town and country. Ag 2-3m.

### GENUINE BEARS' OIL.

PLINY, the celebrated Naturalist, speaking of Bears, informs us that their OIL was used by Cleopatra as the most nutritive substance which could be applied to her magnificent hair. Science has given the Moderns no compound for this purpose equal to the provisions afforded by Nature in the grease of the Bear. Its effects, especially in the form of Oil, are truly wonderful. The capillary roots are strengthened; the bulbs are nourished; and the young hair increases in quantity. Even bald spots become fertile under its influence, if the roots have not been totally annihilated; and this is rarely the case, except at an advanced age. In fact, the GENUINE BEARS' OIL, is unquestionably the best preparation for the hair that the world has yet seen. The GENUINE OIL, highly perfumed and purified for the purpose of the toilet, by A. B. SANDS & Co., Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st. Sold also at 79 Fulton-st., and 77 East Broadway. Price—50 cents large bottles; 25 cents small. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the Union. Purchasers should ask for Sands's GENUINE Bears' Oil, and take no other. Ag 2-3m.

### DR. POWELL, M.D.,

Oculist and Operative Surgeon, 261 Broadway cor. Warren Street.

**ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE,** and to operations upon that organ from 9 A. to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or moles seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and offices 261 Broadway (cor. Warren-st.) Sept. 13-1y.

**MUSIC.**—A. TAYLOR most respectfully announces to the Public, that he continues to give instruction in Singing, and also on the Piano Forte, to pupils who reside in this city or in Brooklyn, as usual.

A. T. will undertake the training of Choirs in Sacred harmony. He will attend to small soiree parties of young ladies, who are, or may have been, his pupils; and also parties of gentlemen amateurs of Madrigals, Quartettes, &c.

Orders left for A. T., at his residence, No. 183 Second St., or at the Music Stores of Messrs. Nunns & Clarke, Firth & Hall, Dubois & Co., Stodart & Dunham, &c., will be duly attended to. Sept. 20-1m.



## CASTLE GARDEN.

THESE spacious premises have at length been opened in most excellent style; no description can adequately convey a notion of its numerous excellencies. The Italian Opera Troupe are there, the Elster Brothers, the unsurpassed Cline, all the Orchestral talent of the City, and on Sundays, there will be a selection of Sacred Music for the Million, at 12 cents Admission—the seriously disposed may view the great works of the Creator from the promenade outside the walls, while the more cheerful may lift up their hearts in Sacred Song. Operas on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. My17-6m.

## NEW ARRANGEMENT.

REGULAR MAIL LINE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON, VIA STONINGTON, TON AND PROVIDENCE, AND VIA NEWPORT, composed of the following very superior and well known Steamers, running in connection with the Stonington and Providence Railroads and the Boston and Providence Railroads:—

MASSACHUSETTS, of 600 tons, Capt. Comstock.  
 MOHEGAN, 400 tons, Capt. Thayer.  
 NARRAGANSETT, 600 tons, Capt. Manchester.  
 RHODE ISLAND, 1000 tons, Capt. Thayer.  
 Under the new arrangement, which will offer increased comfort and advantage to travellers and shippers of freight, the line will be established daily on and after the 10th April, leaving New York at 5 o'clock P.M. from Battery Place.  
 Will leave Boston at 4 1/2 P.M.  
 Will leave Providence at 6 P.M.  
 Will leave Newport at 8 P.M.  
 Will leave Stonington at 9 P.M.  
 Via Stonington, the MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Comstock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 P.M.  
 Via Stonington and Newport, the NARRAGANSETT, Capt. Manchester, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5 P.M.  
 Passengers on arrival of the Steamers at Stonington, will be immediately forwarded in the Railroad Cars to Providence and Boston.  
 For passage or freight, apply on board at north side of pier 1, 22 Broadway, or office of Saml. Deveau, freight agent, on the wharf.  
 Tickets for the route, and steamer's berths, can be secured on board, or at the office of Harnden & Co., 6 Wall Street. My17-6m

## G. B. CLARKE.

## FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

## GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" " Big Cass Pants (Dooskin).....	6.00 to 8.50
" " Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50
PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.	
Dress Coats.....	\$7.00 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests.....	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

[Mr8-1f.]

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street.—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. G. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. [My24-1f]

## WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situate in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

My31-1f.

BELL & INGLIS.

JOHN HERDMAN'S OLD ESTABLISHED EMIGRANT PASSAGE OFFICE, 6 South Street, New York.—The Subscriber, in calling the attention of his friends and the public to his unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons from Great Britain and Ireland, who may be sent for by their friends, begs to state that, in consequence of the great increase in this branch of his business, and in order to preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant, has, at great expense, in addition to his regular agents at Liverpool, appointed Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, who has been a faithful clerk in the establishment for the last 5 years, to proceed to Liverpool and remain there during the emigration season, to superintend the embarkation of passengers engaged here. The ships employed in this line are well known to be only of the first class and very fast-sailing, commanded by kind and experienced men, and as they sail from Liverpool every five days, reliance may be placed that passengers will receive every attention and be promptly dispatched. With such superior arrangements, the Subscriber looks forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to him for so many years past, and should any of those sent for decline coming, the passage money will as usual be refunded, and passages from the different ports of Ireland and Scotland can also be secured if desired. For further particulars, apply to

HERDMAN, 61 South-st., near Wall-st., N.Y.

Agency in Liverpool:—

Messrs J. & W. Robinson, } No. 5 Baltic Buildings, and

Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, } No. 1 Neptune-st., Waterloo Dock.

Drafts and Exchange from a £1 upwards, can be furnished, payable without charge, at all the principal Banking institutions throughout Great Britain and Ireland, a list of which can be seen at the office. My24-1f.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Princip Segars in all their variety.

Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco. [Ju7-1y.]

## TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

## ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT,

Agency in Liverpool—

My10-1f.]

WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road.

## FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

AT this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

The American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most EFFECTIVE Miniatures exhibited.

\* Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus, &c., supplied. M. B. BRADY. [Ap19-]

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pen, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.

" " Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.

" " " Harlem River.

View of the Jet at " "

Fountain in the Park, New York.

" " in Union Park, " "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

## CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES,

CANADA, &c., FOR 1845.

FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE,

South Street, corner Maiden Lane

To BUFFALO in 36 hours.

DETROIT in 4 days.

CHICAGO in 6 days.

TORONTO, HAMILTON, QUEENSTON, &c., CANADA, in 21 to 3 days.

THE Subscriber having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wabash Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Steamboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., and enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid,

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st.,

corner Maiden Lane.

## DAGUERRETYPE

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal, four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places, so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Camera, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., forwarded to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above. Mr39.

## DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount, for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz:—

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. BARNED & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & Co., London—and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

My10-1f.

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

## PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Stardevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify:—

Yours respectfully,

WM. H. HACKETT

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia.—Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills to be the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

## From our Agent in Philadelphia.

## ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and mothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance.

Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information.

JOSEPH BARBOUR.

Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. [Mr. 15-1f.]



